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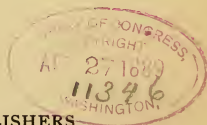
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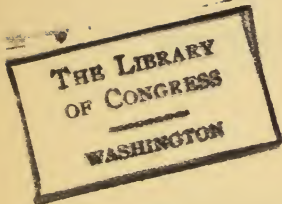
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With Grateful Memories

THIS BOOK IS DEDICATED
TO THE
MEMBERS OF THOSE PARISHES WHERE IT HAS BEEN
THE AUTHOR'S PRIVILEGE TO MINISTER

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Idols by the Sea.

He taught them many things by parables.—S. MARK,
iv. 2.

His spirit was stirred in him when he saw the city
full of idols.—ACTS OF THE APOSTLES, xvii. 16.


Thou shalt worship the Lord thy God, and Him only
shalt thou serve.—S. MATTHEW, iv. 10.

*“Great care must be taken, while we are endeavor-
ing to destroy external idols, or those of vice in others,
that we do not insensibly substitute ourselves in their
place.”—QUESNEL.*

Idols by the Sea.

Little children, keep yourselves from idols.

—I S. JOHN, v. 21.

ONG ago, in a distant country, dwelt a large, strange family. When something of their history is told to-day, you will see why it happened that the warp and woof of their existence somehow went wrong, why the flying days tangled their work into angry knots, and then tore it to shreds and nothingness.

The face of earth covered by this far-off country was in itself of little value ; the family thought it quite rich enough for every need, but in this they were mistaken—much of it was rough and rocky, the rest of it yielded only to hard and constant labor.

The climate of the place, too, was often very trying to human happiness ; the weakening, withering heat was followed by distressing damp, and that by bitter and

destroying cold. The entire family suffered often from sickness. No one was spared in this distribution of physical ailments. However few or great the number of his years, however high or low his station in society, each man received his share and lot of human illness. Every type of disease was found in this strange family, everything from headache to heart-ache, from lethargy to leprosy. The headache was caused in some cases by the stomach being empty with hunger ; the body being surfeited with food caused it in others. In not a few cases it was caused by the pressure of a jewelled crown upon the temples. The leprosy also had different causes ; with some it was physical filth, with others moral filth, with others contagion, and with not a few it was caused by general disreputableness. This strange family also had trouble in the disturbed relations of its members. Instead of aiding each other, as children of a common father, they seemed often anxious to injure each other. They divided into sections and factions, and strove with might and main to supplant and destroy each other. In this kind of work

they succeeded very well : they filled the earth with cries and curses, with bloodshed and maledictions. This wholesale homicide they called war. It was murder, to be sure, just like any other murder, but the word "war" seemed to this family to mention something justifiable. Even in time of peace the members of this family were in constant discord. Face to face they spoke sweetly enough, but each behind the other's back they lied and slandered without mercy. Dishonesty, profanity, impunity, and injustice reigned supreme ; brother strove against brother, while father hated both son and daughter. Outwardly, full often, all looked white and pure, but inwardly it was full of dead men's bones and all uncleanness.

To such a family came one day the glad tidings that there was a fair and better country to which they might journey and buy without money and without price, a land of peace and plenteousness, a home eternal, where came no sorrow nor sickness nor death, and where God would keep all tears from their eyes. But the vast part of that family cared no more for that glad tidings than they did

for each other. Some said, The god to worship and the end of life is the family to which we belong: let us make a god of that and worship it. It was hard work making even an idol god out of that family, because at its best it was a sad collection. But in one place they found a charitable hand, in another a kindly heart; in a crowded city they found a benevolent face, and in a retired corner an humble body; somewhere they got two feet willing to walk a little way for others, and by hook and crook they gathered something together; but the god of the family did not have many worshippers, nor give much comfort to those in trouble. One part of the family felt that their branch was not rightly represented, while another objected to the idol having a hand taken from a section of the family not of the same social status as themselves. Those who did worship the idol, however, were very decided in their convictions and feeling that their family was the only people of all humanity worthy of consideration; they named their religion, therefore, Humanitarianism.

They set up their idol in a town by

the sea, a town known for its culture and self-complacency ; but there one dark night some malecontents of the family came and knocked down the idol, and set up instead what they called the god of Ideas. It would have been very bad form to refer to the fact that this idol was one of their own ideas. This new denomination taught that in the universe there was nothing real and lasting but ideas. Of course it was no fault of theirs that this was also their own idea. All small things like hills and mountains and rivers, planets like Venus and Mars, Saturn and Jupiter, were not realities ; the constellations, the milky way itself was but a metaphysical mist. But ideas, meaning of course their own ideas, were real, and would command the worship of the family when the Pleiades and the North Star had been forgotten.

The idol of Idealism lived its short day, and then its glory faded from it to give place to the teaching that primevally and continually forevermore all things were gas ; the mighty trees, the solid rocks, and the body of man itself were but gas. From gas came all

things, and unto gas must all things return again ; therefore, the family should worship gas unto the end. Transient and ephemeral, however, was the glory of the gas sect also ; like an effervescent star its light shone but for a little, and then faded from human sight, and instead the learned of the family set up the idol of the Unknowable. Feeling that it would give standing to their imaginings to shroud the same in cabalistic mystery, they called their religion by the Greek word Agnosticism, the religion which worships the unknown and the incomprehensible, which says that the only real lasting thing worth living for is the unknown, which teaches that the only absolutely knowable thing is what is totally and entirely and everlastingly unknowable. The logic of such a proposition can be seen at once by a mind even moderately insane. There is something attractive in the sublime presumption of a religious science which begins with a confession of total human ignorance, and then proceeds to make an assertion which implies the possession of universal knowledge. Notwithstanding the startling arrogance and

brilliant effrontery of Agnosticism, it somehow failed to become very popular, and it is not easy to say why it failed. Any new statement which denied the existence of everything that had been or ever could be, had, as a rule, been eagerly welcomed by this family which scorned the idea of thinking as any one else did ; and Agnosticism taught and thought as no man nor angel in heaven or hell ever thought. It struck from life hope and faith, and placed there instead awe and wonder,—awe solemn and lowering, and wonder the offspring of ignorance ; it laughed at the idea of immortality, said religion had nothing to do with morality ; it called Christ the “ omniscient ignoramus of Galilee ” and described the better country where they might go as “ a packing-box paradise.” It stood by the grave of the woman who had lost her only child, and said, “ I bring you the comfort, that, as far as any one knows, this is the end of your child. It is not at all probable that you or any one else will ever see him again, and if you did you would not know him. Do not mourn. A few years more of blissful dogmatic ignorance, and you yourself

will sink into that eternal unknowableness from which emanates daily the most marvelous supply of rampant conceit, blinding prejudice, and unparalleled stupidity that the mind of a self-deified intellect has ever conceived."

Strange to say, even this assurance did not assuage the woman's grief. Then arose all the Agnostic branch of the family, wherein were seen prominently Herbert Spencer, Richard Huxley, and Matthew Arnold, but the woman refused to be comforted. Then the Agnostic branch of that family did despise that woman, and did utterly let her alone.

Were time to allow, we might narrate of many other idols that this strange family set up to worship and adore, but it would take many days, and fill many long sad books, if such a story were to be written. Let it suffice to say that while many continued to set up new idols, and to divide the family more and more with bitterness, narrowness, and hatred, let it suffice to say that others grew very tired and weary of all this strife and dissension.

None of the many idols made their sick-

ness and sorrow any easier to bear, nor did they lighten one straw's weight the burden of their anxiety and disappointment. The sickness of a troubled and remorseful heart grew day by day more painful ; somehow it seemed that their very joys were poisoned, and laughter, if heard at all, was forced and had an echo in its ring which furrowed the brow and shadowed the very soul itself. As the day darkened and the night approached, the memory of the message sent long since by the Great Good King came back again,—the memory and message of a better country to which they might journey and be at rest and peace. But even after all their humiliating experiences and reverses, after all their failures and downfalls, they continued selfish, self-willed, and disobedient. “Why must we journey?” said they. “Why does not the Great King come and carry us to his kingdom? We hate,” they said, “this rule and requisition that those who wish to journey to the better land must first wash and be clean before even starting. We hate the requirement that we must believe in the Leader the Great King sent. We despise the command

that we must live upon that sacred food and drink which the King alone can give. We do but laugh at the statement that we must go on that journey a united body. We prefer to go as we please, to separate where and when we may desire, to select our own leader, choose our own food, and take that road which seems best in our own eyes." In this broad, popular road went very many,—so many that the road grew crowded, the dust thickened, and thirst came on apace. Though the way was broad, it was walled with solid stone higher than the skies. More dense and angry grows the throng, complaint and denunciation of each leader rise in the air. Suddenly the crowd stops, wedged irrevocably by the vise of its own choosing: without leader, without food, without drink, and far as eternity from the better land of the Great King, they find when the night has come that the broad and popular way is the way which leads to destruction. Then in despair, in recrimination, and in darkness unutterable fades from sight and memory every idol god and all they that worshipped them.

"He that hath ears to hear let him hear."

The companion picture to the one which has just been portrayed is in every way its perfect contrast. It is the story of men who choose the hard and narrow way ; cleansed with heavenly and consecrated waters and taught by the Eternal Mother, they began their journey, in favor with the Great King and under His almighty protection and guidance. The road was often rough and unattractive, and sometimes cut their tired feet. Siren voices called to them at every by-road ; Pleasure spoke to them from the hills, and Passion from the rich and verdant valleys. But the Light of the Sun of righteousness guided them at day, and the Light of a single star at night. Sometimes clouds and darkness hid both star and sun, and they would have wandered, but that some one upheld them in whose name they did believe. The overwhelming powers of worldliness often brought them down upon their knees, and the wintry blasts of many awful sorrows often found them with bleeding faces upon the earth. In a dark and narrow pass the last great change came. In that narrow pass wild beasts and devils met them, but in the

mighty struggle the souls of the men escaped and passed to the Light above. In that light angels met them and led them to that better country, where the wicked cease from troubling, and the weary are at rest.

In Light of the Beatific Vision, these souls continue on their journey through the heavenly park of Paradise toward the palace of the King of kings. Many "faces loved long since and lost awhile" have they met again, and, together with all those who have departed in the True Faith, they journey to that delightful country where sorrow never comes and where death is but the gate of Everlasting Life.

"He that hath ears to hear, let him hear."

**“ Where is God, that I may find
Him.”**

Is the Lord among us, or not?—EX. xvii.

My bones are smitten asunder as with a sword, while my enemies that trouble me cast me in the teeth; namely, while they say daily unto me, Where is now thy God?

—Ps. xlii. 12, 13.

Let not your heart be troubled, neither let it be afraid.

—S. JOHN, xiv. 27.

So, I am with you alway, even unto the end of the world.—S. MATTHEW, xxviii. 20.

CHRISTMAS.

“Where is God, that I may find
Him.”

The Word was made flesh and dwelt among us.

—S. JOHN, i. 14.

SPEAKING as men speak, nothing is more contrary to human reason and experience than the mystery to-day declares, the mystery of the Incarnation, which, as you know, means God made man. It strains even the imagination to suppose God would limit and localize His eternal presence as the Incarnation did limit and localize Him. Had God risen from the depths of the sea, or had He from out the radiance of the setting sun first in human form looked upon His wandering world, it would have seemed more in harmony with His attributes. Had God come in His glory with all His angels with Him ; had He come

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with the rolling suns for His chariot, with the light for His garment, with the white and milky stretch of the universe for His pageant,—it would have been in keeping with that royal and omnipotent Ruler who gives the red glare to the war star, who makes white the light of Sirius, and who pales to silver softness the far distant Alcyone. This limitation in absolute weakness to the body of a poor and helpless girl, this being born in the place where only the humble cattle lived, is a fact, we say, that, according to our human idea of things, is in the highest degree improbable. To be, to exist in human form, that alone is against every expectation of our minds ; to be born into a body that time and tide could wear out and fill with pain, into a body that men could curse and the mob crucify—no humanly conceived system would ever have dared thus strike against the face of all that human intellect felt was proper and appropriate to the advent of Almighty God. But there is doubtless some great lesson in this apparent contradiction. Let us try humbly to find it.

Is not this the lesson ? That God's presence

is where *He* has declared It to be, and not where *we* think It ought to be? That It is where God has thought wise to have It, and not always where *we* feel It is? Those Jews of old had settled ideas where the Messiah ought to be born, when He must come, how He must come. In the Hebrew mind, to be born and to be worshipped in a stall where cattle lived and died, was the last thing on earth to be imagined, not to speak of being believed. The thought of such a humiliation, of such a lowering of the dignity of God, to a devout Jew was irreverent, abhorrent, terrible. The Hebrew people, as a nation, therefore, laughed at the story of Christ's birth, mocked His life, and crucified Him—mark you, crucified Him—for what seemed to them irreverence and blasphemy. “He came unto His own, and His own received Him not.” And has it ever come to you, my hearers, to meditate how likely it is that you would have acted as the Jews of Jerusalem acted? Has the thought ever come that we all stand in about the same relation and attitude toward the God-child as the Pharisees stood? They were not bad, immoral people,

those Pharisees ; they were not rash nor coarse nor irreverent, at least they did not mean to be. Rather, they were devout, regular in their religious duties, and gave alms with no more publicity than many respectable Church people do now. They were the conservative Church people of their time, religiously, violently, on principle, opposed to change of any kind, whether in manner or in morals, whether in rites or in ritual. They had but one fault, these Pharisees : that one fault led them into every other trouble and sin of their race and age. That fault was holding arrogantly that God must come as they believed He ought to come, and that God would act and must act as *they* felt He would act. We have ventured the assertion that the times have not changed much in eighteen hundred years, and that men still make their own judgment,—whether that judgment comes from taste or inheritance it matters not,—men still make their own judgment the criterion of right and wrong. They make their own idea the criterion not only for man, but for God ; for they say that unless things are in this way or in that way, in my way or in my

father's way, I will not believe them. Yea, all else is irreverence and blasphemy. That is exactly what the Jews said and did. The birth, the life, and the teaching of the Man of Nazareth were opposed to every preconceived idea of what the Hebrew people felt ought to be. His Gospel went crashing through the customs and ritual of many generations. The chief priests, therefore, crucified the Child of Bethlehem because He was an innovator, and disturbed, by warnings and other novelties, the death-like peace of their conservatism and their so-called orthodoxy.

You and I, perchance, have our ideas of the way and time Christ will come. All men have some idea of where God is to be found, most men have very decided ideas on this subject. If you were to go out into the world, and ask earnestly and honestly the question, "Where can I find God, for I need Him, and He has asked me to come to Him," many men would answer, "God is everywhere;" and so He is. The color in the flower, the white crest of the ocean's wave, the mountains that climb above the clouds, the stars that move toward eternity, the

breath that comes and goes, and the heart that beats through day and night till life is done, tell me that God is everywhere ; but, in all reverence, that is not the God you want. The God that is everywhere lets one man starve, another man surfeit, the bad man prosper, the good man suffer ; the God that is everywhere allows the pestilence to devastate and the earthquake to swallow up, and the world, the flesh and the devil to triumph. Under the shelter of the teaching that the only God is the God found in the "everywhere," John Stuart Mill sent forth on its mission of evil one of the most terrible arraignments of religion the world has ever read. The God that is everywhere is a grand idea, but is not a personal certainty in danger, nor a haven from the storm when comes the wreck of matter and the crash of worlds.

You ask, therefore, again, "Where is God, that I may find Him?" and many make this answer, "You will find Him in the heart of all true believers;" and doubtless they are right, for it is written, "If I descend into hell, Thou art there." All honest men know

there is much of sham and shame in this talk about being true believers. We know, those of us who are honest, that human faith is largely that stuff of which dreams are made ; that which is strong in prosperity and weak in adversity ; that which, like the Apostles, runs away when the crisis comes, forsakes its God and is forsaken of God. If God is only in the heart of the true believer, I fear you will not find Him nor be found of Him.

For the kind of God which dwells in the human heart, in that which is deceitful above all things and desperately wicked, is the God who makes each life a little court of justice, "himself the judge, himself the jury, himself the prisoner at the bar ;" a God to condemn and righteously bring to judgment, but a God which makes us cry for some other God, some almighty and most merciful Saviour who can say with eternal authority, "Thy sins are forgiven thee : go and sin no more."

Therefore, you say again, "Where is such a God, that I may find Him ?" Give me something definite, something personal, or give me nothing, which is atheism. Do not

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lure on my tired body with that which is but the mirage of the desert ; do not lead my weary heart on to grasp at some Eurydice, which, fading into thin air, leaves but a ghost upon the eternal sky and pales my sick soul with mortal fear. Give me, I pray you, a real God, a present God, for I am weak, and the strife is fierce and the warfare long. Tell me where is God, for the crisis closes and the King of terrors comes—comes to conquer, unless I find the God who can overcome death. Once He lived upon the earth, and men came and worshipped Him, brought Him their offerings, and returned again refreshed and strengthened for the strife. When the sick came to that God, He healed them ; when the deaf came, He unstopped their ears ; when the blind came, He gave them sight ; when the hungry came, He fed them ; when the sinful came, He declared their forgiveness ; when the dead lay silent at His feet, He broke their bonds of adamant and raised them into life again. All these came to an earthly, visible body, and this is the God the tired children of this world seek by day and night. Is He still upon the earth, and, if so,

where can He be found? "Let not your heart be troubled, neither let it be afraid." He is still upon the earth, and you will find Him where the shepherds found Him, where the wise men found Him, where the devils found Him, where the sinful and the sick, the dying and the dead, found Him, where you may find Him—

IN HIS VISIBLE AND MATERIAL BODY.

That is the message of Christmas, that God the invisible, became visible; that God the unapproachable, became God the approachable. God in human form and shape, substance and subsistence, that is the glad tidings of the Festival of the Nativity. It is something very hard to believe. It is something so full of mystery, something so contradictory to all that is agreeable to human reason, that except we "become as little children" we will never believe it; for that Body where, in the ages gone, dwelt the Son of God, the Saviour of the world, was a visible form like our own body. It was a Body whose vital existence depended upon the breathing of a woman. It was a

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Body that felt the cold and grew tired with the heat. It was a Body that men could bruise with stones and which could be torn with a crown of thorns. It was a Body which was tempted by the devil and which was strengthened by the angels. It was a Body which was lacerated by nails and which was gashed with a soldier's spear. But it was a Body the Touch of which gave sight to the blind, the Voice of which declared the forgiveness of sin. To touch but the fringe of the garment which covered that Body, brought healing to the sick ; and to shake but a finger in scorn at that Body, was an irreverence and blasphemy to the presence of God. For that Body which a woman bore in her arms, which bowed Its head and was baptized in the waters of the Jordan, which bent Its knees in the worship of the Temple, which bore Its own cross to Calvary ; that Body at which men wagged their heads in derision and crucified with malefactors, was the Body of God,—God before Whose presence the hosts of Paradise bow their faces, and from Whom the angels of Heaven flee away ; God Who alone guides the stars, and

holds in the hollow of His hand the universe ; God Who alone controls the world, the flesh and the devil ; Who alone can forgive sin, and Who alone will raise the dead.

And if you are sick or blind or tired or dying, and seek this God, you will find Him in His body. He said He would be with those that sought Him until the end of the world. But men answer, men who call themselves religious men say He lied, He did not mean what He said. I am not speaking irreverently. Men must have intimated their want of belief in the statements of God, or the prophet would never have said, "God is not a man, that He should lie." Men must have contradicted the word of Heaven, or the apostle never would have written of God, "We make Him a liar."

God said plainly, when upon the earth, that He would be with us till the end of time, but men say this also is a dream. You can find Him out among the stars, in theory, in philosophy, in His invisible Kingdom, but not upon the earth. You may see Him in heaven. You can find Him in hell, but not in this world. Your journey of life

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must be made alone. You must find your own way, fight your own battles, win your own bread, and be conquered or defeated in your own strength. When you get to Paradise you may see God, then you may be blessed by Him, but not here.

When upon earth God said plainly, "This is my Body, this is my Blood. Whoso eateth my Flesh and drinketh my Blood, hath eternal life ; and I will raise him up at the last day." But men, men who say they are religious, say this, too, is a dream. He did not mean what He said, He meant something else. He really meant nothing at all but to give expression to some generalities and undeniable spiritual platitudes.

God said, through His inspired word, the Church, which He purchased with His own Blood, "The Church, which is His Body." But men, men who call themselves religious, say this also is but a dream.

The Church is not His Body, but a club, a coterie, a place for the meeting of people who have congenial tastes, an amalgamation of discordant sects, but nothing more. The only real Church is the invisible Church, the

only real God is the God out among the stars.

Such are the words heard on every side, such are the words which make sick the heart and fill the mind with doubt and horror. Such is the teaching which cries through the long winter night, "Put out every light, and smother the fire on every hearth; for the fallen and the outcast there is the cold, the darkness, and the grave; but never in this world either light or comfort or forgiveness." Such is the teaching which blinds the beacon on every shore, and lets the noble ship find, if it may, through cloud and shoal and tempest, the haven where it would be; but such, thank God, is not the teaching of Christmas, nor of that Catholic Church which gave us Christmas. It is the Faith of the Catholic Church, the very Heart of its Faith, that as God once dwelt in a child, in a Body that the storm beat, the mob stoned, the populace insulted, and the Jews crucified, so God still dwells in that which is human, material, and visible. God still is found in that Church which is His Body; that Church which men scorn, the world

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derides, and the devil fights; the Church insulted, "sore opprest, by schisms rent asunder, by heresies distrest:" there, there God may still be found, there we may kneel at His feet, worship Him in spirit and in truth, be healed by His touch, be guided by His hand, be fed by His bounty, be saved by His love.


The Humanity of Christianity.

No one can write our "Ecce Homo" for us ; no one can behold the Man in our stead. With our own eyes we must look upon, with our own ears we must listen to, and with our own hearts we must accept of, this Saviour and King. We must learn to say with Job, "I know that my Redeemer liveth, and mine eyes shall behold Him and not another." And with David, "Although my house be not so with God, yet with me hath He made a covenant." And with the men of Samaria who said to the woman, "Now we believe ; not because of thy saying, but because we have heard Him ourselves, and know that this is indeed the Christ, the Saviour of the world."—BALGARNIE.

CHRISTMAS.

The Humanity of Christianity.

I believe in one Lord Jesus Christ, who for us men, and for our salvation, came down from heaven and was Incarnate by the Holy Ghost of the Virgin Mary, and was made man.—THE NICENE CREED.

N his essay upon Milton, Lord Macaulay tells us that the greatness of the English Dante lies in his power to leave some things unsaid and undescribed. Milton suggests, gives at times the outlines of some majestic figure, but a vast part of his picture is untouched, and the mind and imagination can finish the painting and give it that form and color it may be able to conceive and select. It is also to be remembered that Dante himself, catching the first gleams of that white light which sweeps from the beatific vision, brings at once his immortal poem to its close. The perfect

union of man's will with God's will, the oneness of the light of the infinite with the darkness of the finite, Dante felt no human voice could express. The poetic genius which with bold and glaring strokes described hell, purgatory, and Paradise, which never for one moment hesitated to sing of the most sacred joy or to delineate the most awful passion, stood before the Incarnation with dropped hands and bowed head, because the great Italian knew that even the mystic might of epic poetry had not power to body into words the Divine mystery of Very God becoming Very Man.

Rightly, therefore, has fame ranked the solemn Tuscan with the immortal writer of the *Iliad*, because Dante knew with Homer the eloquent expressiveness of silence. It is also worthy of remembrance that when the wise men came to worship the God-child there is no record that they uttered word or line. They presented Him their gifts of gold, frankincense, and myrrh, they fell down and worshipped Him ; but there is no statement of any one either hearing or preaching a sermon, or attempting to explain that

which could not be explained. Wise men indeed, wiser than we word-beaten men of the modern centuries can imagine.

It would seem well, therefore, on such a day, and amid such a scene of reverent beauty, to follow the old custom of the Church and speak no word of man's imagining. There is such a danger when human thoughts are uttered of marring the lofty adoration of the Church with words that lower and detract, if indeed they do not check, the worship of the wise.

History and experience, however, have taught us that words must sometimes be spoken even in an hour when the heart would fain lie quiet and alone in the light and rest of the eternal truth, for the mind of man was not content with simple statements infallibly inspired by God. It was not enough that S. John said, "The Word was made flesh and dwelt among us." "God manifest in the flesh," was a truth that the cavilling nature of humanity soon doubted ; and when from the last apostle came the startling, amazing statement, "That which was from the beginning we have heard, we have seen

with our own eyes, we have looked upon and our hands have handled, of the Word of Life," when so startling and amazing a statement came to the sceptical ear of man, he began to explain the meaning of such solemn words. All heresy is an attempt to explain, to simplify, what can neither be explained nor simplified. After years of ultra assertions and dangerous denials, came by necessity the great creeds, guarding by their authoritative sentences from the perils which beset the simple faith on every side. In the same way there is need in this day, not of words of explanation, but of words of warning against the error of attempting to explain that Divine mystery before which Dante was great enough to be silent. All human explanations of the Incarnation have resulted in one of two errors: the explainer has been forced to give up either the humanity or the divinity of Jesus Christ our Lord. It was the heresy of the primitive ages, it is one of the radical heresies of modern unbelief,—the denial of the perfect humanity or the perfect divinity of our Lord. We know not in the sight of God whether it be a greater sin to deny that

the Lord was Very Man, or whether the greater sin is to deny that He was Very God ; but this we do know, that the most cruel form of infidelity, as far as man is related to his fellow-man, is the denial of the humanity of Jesus Christ, the denial of Christmas Day, the denial that "the Word was made flesh and dwelt among us." To prove what has been said by a thought from a splendid and reverent mind, man in his religion may go to two extremes. In the first, he is an idolater. He gets a hideous image or a block of stone. That is his God. He fears it, prays to it, sometimes loves it and sometimes beats it ; but always, if in trial or in trouble or in darkness, he turns to his God. But, mark you, this pagan's religion has in it the underlying principle of all true religion : the man believes in a power outside of himself, a power to whom he can go and speak his sorrow or his sin, a power which in his own mind at least can appease the angry elements and satisfy the outraged law.

The other extreme is that belief, you cannot call it religion, which believes in the Omnipotence of one's own mental rhapsodies and

hallucinations. It is the belief that nothing is to be accepted unless it can be explained, not even God Himself ; the belief that there *may be* somewhere an attenuated spiritual essence which primevally from himself may possibly have evolved protoplasm. This is the belief that rationalized the miracles, that questioned the reality of the Gospels, and which naturally ended in denying the Incarnation. Not strangely does it follow that these men of science, falsely so-called, find themselves at last with a God who can neither hear nor feel nor love, a God of no personality, a God which is a mere human idea, a colorless vapor, neither heavy nor light, but the natural and logical ending of a belief in a God having neither form nor humanity. We repeat, then, that of the two, the pagan had the better and more helpful belief. For his religion needed only to be rightly directed, he needed only the glad tidings of a gospel whose God had human form and at whose feet he could rest, a God from whom he might gain love, sympathy, and forgiveness. But how can you rightly direct the belief of a man whose religion is a mere belief in his own omnipotence; a

belief that says, "God is nothing physical, religion is nothing physical—unless it be purely mental and spiritual, religion is nothing;" a belief that would explain at the Incarnation till in the words of the great New York Rector, "It would be a mere web of fine threads stretched forth in mockery before us, brittle as glass, gray as ashes, sharp as new ice, cold as zero, before which the sin and sorrow of the world pass on unrelieved, while the unhappy heart longing for light, warmth, and life, for pardon and peace, for faith, hope and charity, wears itself away, consumed by its own distresses, and dies without a God or a future"? Of the two extremes, without doubt, the pagan has the better religion. The glory of Christianity is that it holds the good of both, while it discards the extremes of both. The God of Christianity is really in our midst,—one tempted as we are tempted, and therefore able to succor those that are tempted; a God that can be touched with the feeling of our infirmities, yet a spiritual God who can make the deaf to hear, the blind to see, and the dead to rise. And this is the very God the tired hearts of men crave,—one

at whose feet we may pray, from whose garment may come healing, and whose hand may rest in benediction of eternal peace upon our weary heads, weary with the jar and the discord, weary with the bitterness and disappointment of the passing days.

Do not, therefore, allow the unbelief of the times to rob your religion of its humanity. It is true that it is a spiritual religion, thank God for that, but do not emphasize that truth till it becomes a heresy denying the humanity of Christ. Do not spiritualize your religion till it is nothing but mist and vapor. It has been done in the past, it may be done again in the future. Beware of that belief which says the physical has nothing to do with religion. Remember it was Christianity on its physical side which in the past gave us the grand cathedrals, "Those creeds of stone and anthems of sculpture;" it is the physical side that in this time builds the hospital for the sick, the shelter for the outcast, the home for the friendless. Beware of that belief which would make the Church of God barren and desolate, which would make the clothing of the King's

daughter not of gold, but of rags. Beware of that belief which cries, "Away with rites and forms and ceremonies ; away with deacon, priest, and bishop ; away with font and altar and sacrament ; away with your lights, though they speak of the Light of the world and the Divinity and Humanity of Christ ; away with your crosses, though they be the centre of all ritual, and shadow forth the sum and substance of your religion ; away with your flowers and greens and rood screens ; away with your colored windows and painted organs and white-robed choir boys,—away with all such things : ours is a spiritual religion, and has need of nothing but the mental grasp of spiritual things."

Wait in patient sorrow when you hear such words ; for such a belief denies the necessity of the human and the sensuous in our religious life, such a belief denies the meaning and the teaching of Christmas, such a belief may be entirely unconscious of it now, but such wild cries end in denying the Humanity of Jesus Christ our Lord. Hold fast to the glad tidings of that festival which commemorates and celebrates the Incarnation. It is

the religion which feeds the hungry and gives drink to the thirsty, which visits the sick and clothes the naked, which in the hour of death will cheer which on the day of judgment will save. "Fear not," sang the angels. "Behold, I bring glad tidings of great joy which shall be to all people ;" not that God is simply divine, but that God is human, bone of our bone, flesh of our flesh, yet without sin. Sing on, white-robed messengers of God ; thy voices sound across the ages like the voice of many waters, the voice of the great thunder, the voice of heavenly harpers harping with their harps.

“There is no Difference.”

*And sin would make of heaven a very hell.
Look to thyself, then, keep it out of door,
Lest it get in and never leave thee more.*

—JOHN BUNYAN.

Fools make a mock of sin.—PROV. xiv. 9.

*From the prophet even unto the priest every one dealeth
falsely.*—JER. vi. 13.

*If we say that we have no sin, we deceive ourselves,
and the truth is not in us.*—I S. JOHN, i. 8.

LENT.

"There is no Difference."

For all have sinned and come short of the glory of God.—ROM. iii. 23.

FVER since we heard the word Christianity, we have also heard the saying that we all are sinners. It seems to have been a sad sort of acknowledgment, ever since the world began, among all nations, and kindreds, and tongues, and peoples, this weary-hearted cry of the children of men, that they have done that which they ought not to have done, and left undone that which they ought to have done. It would seem naturally to follow from this universal testimony of human shortcomings that solemnity should mark the thought of man and seriousness his action ; that he would, without delay, realize his true status and restrain his action accordingly. But we have no

proof whatever that the vast body of mankind believe that they are sinful. Of all who repeat the Litany, not one in ten feels with any depth of sorrow or contrition what is meant by the prayer, "Have mercy upon us miserable sinners." "Words, words, words," said the melancholy Dane. "Words that were given us to conceal our ideas," said the Frenchman with his light and mocking laugh.

Certain facts and events, said a great novelist, while they remain *without* our borders are accepted as realities only mechanically, but when the changes and vicissitudes of time hurry them *across* our borders, and into our own doors, we are startled with the strangeness of the mighty portent of what we supposed ourselves to have fully known.

"War is dreadful," says a man ; but, allowing much for the general truthfulness of such a man, we may safely say that he does not know what he is saying unless he has seen and felt a war. It is when the dead bodies of the slain lie in our fields, it is when the loved ones never return, and shot and shell burn our own homes, and destroy our own

city, that we understand what is meant by the saying, “ War is dreadful.”

“ The pestilence destroys and devastates,” says another ; but it may be safely affirmed that a man is but repeating words who speaks in this wise unless he has seen and known a pestilence. It is when men no longer buy and sell in the market-place, it is when the streets are deserted, it is when the silence is only broken by the dead-cart rattling over the untrodden stones, and when the only cry in the stillness is, “ Bring out your dead,” that a man knows the meaning of the words, “ The pestilence destroys and devastates.”

“ Death is a solemn thing,” repeats a man mechanically. Yea, to a man who has experienced a touch of its deadly coldness, a moment of its unutterable loneliness, or an idea of the illimitable vastness of which it is but the beginning ; but, ordinarily speaking, a man has not the slightest idea of what he is saying when he utters the words, “ Death is a solemn thing.” The funeral that stopped your way last week you forgot in an hour. Your own death, nearer than you imagine, and as inevitable as the coming night—you

will not even think of that next week, and if you do you are an exception, and the exception proves the rule.

Just in this way do we speak of ourselves as being miserable sinners. We utter words, but do not mean them. We mourn in good and classic language, but not in heart.

If a question be raised as to the correctness of these statements, will it not suffice to answer that likely no man in this congregation was kept awake one hour last week troubling about his sins; yea, did any man within hearing lie wakeful and weary, not last week, but one hour in all last year, because he had sinned? Many things keep us awake at night,—the biting cold, the withering heat, the brawl in the street, the beating of political drums, the rattling of a window, a cup of strong coffee, the riot and revelry of pleasure, the cares and anxiety of business; all these things and many others take the sweetness and restfulness out of that innocent sleep "which knits up the ravelled sleeve of care," but few and far between are the men who in these times toss nervously the hours of night away, moaning in spiritual

pain over the memory of God's law, broken and unfulfilled.

The reason for this lethargy of conviction lies in the simple fact that men do not *believe*, do not *feel*, do not care to feel or to know that they are sinners. “Were uneasiness of conscience,” wrote a thoughtful soul, “measured by extent of crime, human history had been different, and one should look to see the contrivers of greedy wars, and the mighty marauders of the money market in one troop of self-lacerating penitents, with the meaner robber, and the cut-purse, and the murderer that doth his butchery in small with his own hand.” But uneasiness of conscience *not* being marked by extent of crime, the world history is what it has been,—very dark and full of wrong. The vital requisite, however, of Christianity is the knowledge and the penitent avowal that we are sinners, all, every one, child and father, fair and homely, pauper and affluent, layman and priest, each, all, and every one of every place, and of every age, miserable sinners. If this be not a fact, Holy Scripture and the Church have no meaning. “All we, like sheep, have gone astray ;

all have sinned and come short of the glory of God," is the cry from Genesis to Revelation. It was the confession of the Church in the days gone, it must be the sorrow of the earthly Church till time shall be no more.

To believe that truth fully, entirely, honestly, and humbly, is an absolute necessity if one would ever have that new and contrite heart which alone obtains of the God of all mercy perfect remission and forgiveness. To prove beyond peradventure that all men are sinners, there is no need of appealing to Holy Scripture, nor to that Church which wrote and kept the Scriptures. The proof is a mere matter of unquestioned history and daily observation, the denial of which involves the logical sequence of the denial of all earthly and material phenomena. Sin is not a matter of faith, but a fact of unanswerable evidence.

We know first of all that certain crying evils marked certain centuries. There was a time when men bitterly persecuted: cruel, unrelenting, merciless, was the temper of such times; this passed to a time of wilful ignorance, and this to a time of extravagant luxury and

moral laxity ; this led to a time of strange carelessness regarding religious duties, to a time of arrogant intellectual pride. You may go on, if you please, but you will not find an age unmarked by some great evil, an evil which became the fashion of its day, a fashion which swayed the men of its time as the tempest sways the field of grain, a fashion which marred the symmetry and branded with stain and scar the fair proportions of all God-given life. History shows, moreover, that the men of those times were to a greater or less degree unconscious of the power and destructiveness of the pervading evil of their age, and lived and died unsoftened by its knowledge and unabsolved by its confession.

By analogy we know there must exist great and awful evils in our own day, and judged by all other things which mark the age, these evils must be of huge proportions, united with gigantic strength, yet be powers none the less insidious, seductive, and triumphant. If, therefore, we be like men of other times—and there is no evidence that we are different—then are we enswathed and environed with the danger and the evil of a time, bad

at the core, and rotten at the heart ; an age of heresy and schism, of strife and division; of unbelief, both popular and profound ; an age of intemperance and lasciviousness, of sloth and spiritual sluggishness, an age of irreverence and ungodliness ; fearing neither man nor God, desperate and foolhardy unto direct madness. Such is the age and the spirit which is leaving its impress upon our hearts, and which is carefully and successfully making us more and more what nature found us,—sinners against the light of heaven, the laws of God, and the peace of our immortal destiny.

Without asking proof of Church or revelation, let us go on to speak of another evidence of the all-surrounding sin, and that evidence is the common every-day habit we all have of seeing the sins of other people. We think in our thoughts, too often we say in our words, that man yonder is mean and selfish, and grows more so with advancing years ; that woman thinks only of what she can eat, or what fine gowns she can wear ; this man, we say, is too careless, not only of his own interest, but the interest of every one

who knows him ; and that woman has a slanderous tongue, ever wagging evil of her neighbor. Another, we say, is peevish and petty and bad tempered ; while near her lives a man so conceited and so well satisfied with himself, that he has never yet been able to see the largeness of his own feet. This one we said was a chronic grumbler, that other one a mild lunatic. Even as I have gone over this category of common every-day sins, some of you have been thinking of certain people of whom, in your mind at least, these things were true. Judged by our own thoughts, humanity without question is in a bad way ; for in our own eyes we are surrounded with uncleanness and lasciviousness, with idolatry and witchcraft, hatred and variance, emulation and strife, wrath and sedition, envyings and heresies, murder and drunkenness. Now, what is solemn about it all is, that to a fearful extent these thoughts of ours are true ; and what is more solemn, the point ever to be remembered, the evidence daily and constantly to be recalled, is that other people *think of us* even as we also think of them, and sad to say, think the truth, for

I am but what you are, and you are but what I am, and we are both men who have sinned.

Let but one other evidence to-day be adduced, that all have sinned and come short of the glory of God. That evidence is the deceitfulness of habit. When you first began to forget and to neglect your prayers, it troubled you more or less. You rose from the easy bed and said fervently the forgotten prayer. After awhile you said your prayers on the street as you walked along in the morning; but as the bad habit of neglected prayer went on, the voice of conscience grew fainter, till now, God have mercy, it is not heard at all, and if conscience speaks, it is to ears stopped with stone. When first we refused to give to worthy causes, it worried some of the peace from the complacent day, but as the habit went on we hardened under it, till now nothing disturbs the equanimity of our luxurious indulgence. The priest may moan and the Church thunder, but we only answer, “Let the beggar have a part of that which I do not need, but do not trouble me for more.” And if one troubles such an one he will pay for it in severe words.

There are many sins other than selfishness and neglected prayer, sins dark and not commonly named against men, which were very hard to begin, but now neither blanch the face nor disturb the heart's beating, because habit has made them easy, while the intellect has trained itself to excuse them as necessary or unavoidable. But however artful a casuist a man train himself to be, however shrewdly he deceive even his own soul, though conscience be drugged and the rest of the man of character be outwardly good, still it is forever true that sweet is not bitter, nor bitter sweet, light is not darkness, nor darkness light, and though it be that even our hearts do not condemn us, yet God is greater than our hearts and knoweth all things.

We might go on and adduce those other evidences which exist outside of Church and Scripture, and which prove beyond a doubt the sin and shame of every human soul, but here to-day will we draw to a close such awful evidences. If, hearing them, any soul should honestly and penitently feel its sin and ask the old question, “What shall I do

to be saved ? ” there is but one answer worthy of consideration. That answer comes not from the profound philosophy of Confucius, nor from the shallow mystic lore of modern transcendentalism ; it comes not from the dim flickering of him who first spoke of the midnight oil, nor from the brilliant *ignis fatuus* Light of Asia. From but One in history comes there any word of cheer to gladden the heart’s heaviness, and that word is from Him whose Church has kept so carefully and sacredly the saying : “ Let not your heart be troubled, neither let it be afraid. Ye believe in God, believe also in Me.” “ Though your sins be as scarlet, yet shall they be as white as snow.”

The Saviour from Sin.

O wretched man that I am! who shall deliver me from the body of this death?—ROMANS, vii. 24.

Out, damned spot! out, I say!—

What, will these hands ne'er be clean?—

*Here's the smell of blood still: all the perfumes of Arabia will not sweeten this little hand—Oh! Oh! Oh!—*LADY MACBETH.

*The approaches of sin are like the conduct of Jael. It "brings butter in a lordly dish." It bids high for the soul. But, when it has fascinated and lulled the victim, the nail and the hammer are behind.—*CECIL.

LENT.

The Saviour from Sin.

He shall save His people from their sins.

—S. MATTHEW, i. 21.

IF man made his choice without great and serious thought, it is not at all likely he would select a Redeemer who came merely to save him from his sins.

Ask, one by one, the long line of men who daily pass down the great street of the city, and the vast proportion will say : Save us from the hard times, from our friends, from our relatives, from sickness, from death ; but from our sins—really, we had not thought much about our sins. Most men would say that their sins were not very many, nor very serious, nor sins that would necessarily bring them disastrous results.

Therefore, to learn the meaning of the text, we must first consider the fact and evil of sin.

Sin—who has ever described it, who has ever measured the extent of its ravages? Sin—that blur upon the canvas of creation, that discord in the music of the spheres, that cancer upon the face and breast of humanity. By theologians, who at least felt the enormity of sin, sin was defined as any transgression of, or want of conformity unto, the law of God. By the law of God was meant, not the restricted decalogue of the Old Testament, but the high white morality of the New Testament; the righteousness not merely of the letter, but of the spirit; not merely, “Thou shalt not murder,” but also, Thou shalt keep alive.

By the Church, greater than all human systems of theology, sin has been defined as that which separates from the peace and rest of God; that which causes all sorrow and affliction, all disappointment, all death. It began with our first parents, and, like death, it will last till our race has run its course. Sin comes into the quiet home, and jars and jangles all its peace by some violent difference over a trifle; it goes into trade, and makes man defraud and grind his fellow-

man ; it goes into the life of the community, and arraying labor against capital, and capital against labor, fills the streets with riot and bloodshed ; it goes into the national life, and corrupts men in high station, makes patriotism a term of irony, and official position a synonym of reproach. It gets down into the personal life of the young, and takes innocence from their face and purity from their heart ; it gets into middle-aged manhood, and fills him with uncontrolled ambition and shrivelling avarice ; it gets into middle-aged womanhood, and makes her an idle, useless gossip, endlessly wagging evil of her neighbors ; it gets into old age, and makes it crabbed and gnarled, makes it suspicious of every noise, and forgetful of the eternal youth of the life to come.

Oh, well has Holy Scripture called sin a burden, a thief, a sickness, a leprosy, a plague, a poison, a serpent with venomous sting, a load of evil beneath whose most crushing and intolerable pressure "the whole creation groaneth" !

If what has been said were all, how little would it matter ! If the evil of sin ended

with this life, how slight in comparison would be the consequences ! But sin is not content with marring and marking a man's body even to the grave—it goes beyond the deepest grave and the darkest night and the farthest star, and stamps the soul with the stigma not of Christ, but of hell ; for sin sends a man from this life with character fixed the wrong way, at discord with himself and at enmity with God. The devil is a wise serpent and has marked his own goats, and they have made no objection to the stigma. Nor is there anything earthly that can remove that brand of the devil, burnt in with passion and cooled and chilled with the atheism and infidelity of indifference. The flood that buried mountains could not wash sin away ; the fire that fell from heaven and destroyed cities left sin untouched ; the earthquake that opened the ground and swallowed the mountains could not with its rocky jaws crush even the foot of sin ; the pestilence that walked in darkness, and which slew the nations with its ghastly hands, went cheek by jowl with sin ; and wisely and rightly, for the earthquake and the flood and the fire and

the pestilence that walketh in darkness were but sin itself. An atom, said a wise man, may kill a giant, a spark may burn a city, a word may clash every nation of the earth into mortal combat ; but every atom and spark and word of the whole universe could not make white as snow the scarlet stain of sin. Great truly was that Greek when he said, "God may forgive sin, but I do not know why He should." Well, says some hearer of these words, these generalizations are true enough, no doubt, but what have they to do with me, or what have I to do with them ?

Everything in heaven and on earth. It is not the race God will deal with, but with the individual—every man shall give an account of himself. "I saw the dead, small and great, stand before God ; and the books were opened : . . . and they were judged every man according to their works."

Humanity hopes to escape the responsibility of existence by massing and lumping itself, and saying, "*We* are miserable sinners," but this pretence will not suffice.

"Ten thousand people," says a man, "are indifferent to all religious subjects. I am one

of them, and therefore in the last day will have one ten-thousandth of the blame to bear."

"You are mistaken, my brother : in the last day you will have to answer for that sin of indifference as though you were the only man in the world."

"Really," answers the man, "I am not indifferent to this great subject. I live a good moral life, seldom, if ever, breaking a commandment."

"Indeed ! do you not steal ?"

"Steal ! No ; I never stole in my life !"

"Have you never read that verse, that when thou sawest a thief thou consentedst with him ? When you knew there was deceit in the business, and peculation in high places, have you ever spoken a word or lifted your hand to alter this state of affairs ?"

"Really," answers the man, "I do not call this stealing. I have always felt that some one else must look after that mild form of wrong."

"Well, have you ever heard that chapter in Malachi about a man robbing God of tithes and offerings ?"

"Yes, I have heard that in church ; but

you know it is in the Old Testament, and this is the new dispensation. Besides, probably I give as much in proportion as the rest do."

"That is your guide and standard—what others do? Then you have chosen a criterion that will not stand the light of God. Come, my brother, let us be honest. Life hurries to its close and death comes, but 'after that the judgment.' In the face of that judgment we are thieves—the most of us. Men may call us honest and respectable, but you and I know it is all untrue. We are thieves. We have repeated evil words of our neighbors, though we had no proof of what we said, merely the say-so of some one else. We have given neither God nor His Church that portion of time and money and influence which we would give if we knew that death was but a few hours off.

Let us be honest for once, you and I, and own the fact that we have stolen from man, and robbed God and His most Holy Church; and that robbery, grave as it is, is but one of a thousand wrongs—some the world knows of, and some the world does not know of, but God knows them all, and knows that

even to-day we love some one of these sins more than we love the Holy and the Eternal. That is the awful work of sin, not that God will punish it, but that it sets wrong the direction of our being—sets it toward Hell and not toward Paradise.

That is the evil to be feared more than the devil and all his angels, not that God will forsake us, but that we will forsake and hate God. That is the hell where the worm dieth not and the fire is not quenched.

Oh the strange and violent bias of humanity, that it should so often make such a choice, that it should so often end itself in madness, for sin is madness—madness such as Hogarth painted.

The madman of the artist, chained to his rock wall, thinks that he is a king ; the straw upon the stone floor is to him the softest velvet ; his keepers are obsequious courtiers, and the maniacs who pass his grated doors are royal ambassadors and kingly suppliants. A sad and pitiful picture, but not so sad and insane as that daily scene of men who, on the ledge of life and the narrow crust of earth, laugh and sing and dance all content—living

in a dream, and all oblivious of the awful depth and tremendous reality of human existence.

Is there any power in God's earth to bring us back to sanity, back to ourselves, that, like the prodigal, we may go home to our Father's house? Is there any power greater than this mighty world and its mighty evils? O weary, troubled child of God, there is one—One who said to troubled hearts, "Be of good cheer, I have overcome the world." He it was, who, for us men and for our salvation, came down from heaven and was Incarnate of the Holy Ghost of the Virgin Mary.

"They shall call His name Jesus, for He shall save His people from their sins." This verse of Holy Scripture, therefore, explains much that is not entirely understood. It explains why there is one name which the Hebrew nation never spoke. It explains why over five hundred times St. Paul writes the sacred name in his epistles. It explains why the beautiful "De Nomine Jesu," of St. Bernard, is numbered among the seven great hymns. It explains why the Maid of Orleans, with so many other of the saints of God, passed

to the Church of the hereafter, saying that one sweetly sacred word, Jesu—Jesu. It explains why the greatest living English orator, when he speaks that sacred name, bends low his noble head, because Henry Parry Liddon believes, with the Church of all ages, that Jesus is the one name under heaven, given among men, whereby we can be saved from the death of sin, and raised unto the life of righteousness.

Easter Day.

I DEDICATE

THESE *Easter thoughts to those many in God's great world across whose thresholds have fallen the shadows of that Friday called Good. I dedicate them to those many whose loved ones wait now in peace and quietness for the last Easter Morning.*

F. M. C.

"I look for the Resurrection of the Dead; and the Life of the world to come. Amen."—THE NICENE CREED.

Easter Day.

“Death is swallowed up in victory.”—I COR. xv. 54.

IN the sense men commonly quote this verse, it is utterly untrue. They interpret it to say, Death is now a victory ; but in relation to this life, death is not a victory, but a most signal defeat—a most overwhelming overthrow. In any way it may please to come, and at any time, death to an earnest soul is always dreadful ; it is ruin, it is a collapse, it is a downfall from which a man on this earth will never rise again. You remember how it came to your friend. He was a good man, living and striving for a noble purpose—to make better the world, and to give God the glory. Suddenly in the midst of his work there came a stop. His home was full of mourning, but he did not move a finger to soothe the bitter anguish. Men praised him, the

world lauded him, but still and silent he lay, not worth his weight in clay. He was dead ; he was dust ; he was utterly useless : so they buried him lest he should harm them. It is irony to call such an event a victory.

Recall another life. It was a young wife and mother. She had so much to do—her husband to help and encourage, her little ones to lead in the way God would have them go, to bring them by His grace into holy manhood and womanhood. But death came. The children call all night, Mamma, mamma ! The father lies with buried face and broken heart, unable to answer the question of his child, Where is mamma ? No victory here, my brother ; only irreparable loss.

Now recall an instance from Holy Scripture : David had a favorite child, but the child fell sick. If any one gains the victory, surely it will be David. The innumerable army, with its mighty men of valor, wait his command ; the astrologers are there to draw magic from the skies ; the sages are there with their wisdom of lore ; the physicians are there with their healing arts ; the coffer

are full of gold ; the chests are packed with precious stones ; the king himself, wrapped in sackcloth and ashes, is praying. Well, what of it ? The pale woman, as the Romans called her, has entered with her iron slumber. The black camel of the Arabs has knelt at the palace stairs. Down at the river the old oarsman has moored his boat, and in the room where the child is dying the Persian Hand of Fate lays two fingers on the eyes, two on the ears, one on the mouth, and in the silence cries, "Be forever still !" A victory—but for death.

And who but recalls here that which last Friday celebrated ? The Great and Holy One, went He to His death in calm, stoical indifference ? Oh, no ! but with trembling body, with troubled heart, with sorrowful soul, with soul heavy even unto death—praying—agonizing to the Father till the blood death-damp and all was finished.

So, my brother, must you go forth to meet your last hour. I do not mean to say death has not and may not again be met peacefully and hopefully. There have been times, and in them were men who so daily and closely

walked with God, that death was merely another translation ; the first unfolding of the beatific vision. But it is likely the men to whom I speak to-day will of a necessity be forced to live and die in the maddening rush of American life ; side by side must they strive with sin, and sorrow, and selfishness ; cheek by jowl must they struggle with the world, the flesh, and the devil—their days a prayer of faith, their nights a prayer of repentance. Death will find such men, God grant, in His sight ready, but in their own sight unready. Upon them will come a sickening feeling of failure. There were so many things they had hoped to have done, but too late now. The night has come, in which no man can work. And then, too, a feeling of uncertainty will sweep over them, for the faith of so many Christians is such poor material. I fear it will not avail to keep from them a sensation of dread when they come to cross the portals. Then, too, memory will rouse to an abnormal, a miraculous activity, and crowd into the remaining moments pictures of forgotten years—years full of sin and destroying evil—years when death

was despised and God forgotten. Moreover, remember the unspeakable loneliness of that hour, when in the flush of strength we do not like to be alone ; our soul cries out too loudly against us of its wrongs, and God speaks too tenderly, too awfully, of all things : so we keep in the midst of the crowd and drown these voices. But the death hour separates ; the roar and rattle of store, and office, and street, fade into distance ; human sympathy and human companionship are out of place ; we are alone at last, and the loneliness is indescribable. Come, says Memory ; come, says Conscience ; come, says Death ; let us go to God ; and the man who by a life-long refusal has mocked the "Come" of Christ goes now at last "like the quarry slave at night scourged to his dungeon."

Humanly, physically speaking, then, the heathen idea of death seems the right one,—that death not only crushes the flower in its bud, but leaves not a breath of its sweetness ; not only loses the race, but kills the runner ; not only breaks the strings of the harp, but buries the player ; not only dashes the ship against the rocks, but drowns eternally the

crew. For in relation to all human physical life death is an irrevocable law ; a law, cruel, subtle, certain, resistless ; a law to grind out and scatter, to wear out and destroy, utterly and eternally.

What did St. Paul mean, then, in quoting these words concerning the swallowing up of death in victory ? To catch the beauty of a jewel, you must see it in its setting, not out of it. To get the clear, full meaning of sacred words, you must hear the sentences which surround them. All the strife, all the divisions, all the false teachings of Christianity so-called, find their beginning here. You see on printed cards, and hear men beating the air with the voice, " Touch not ; taste not ; handle not ; " but the apostle never used the words except to protest against them. You hear a man—often a man who has failed to get the best of the shrewder men about him—you hear him say, " Money is the root of all evil," and then he looks resigned ; he has, he thinks, quoted the Bible—a very commendable act. But the Bible never said so. Holy Scripture says, " The *love* of money," the inordinate grasping after the earthly and

material—that is the root of all evil ; and so it is.

And so it was the great Apostle said, not *now* Death is swallowed up in victory, but *then*. Then shall be brought to pass the saying, Death is swallowed up in victory. Men forget or ignore the then, the afterward ; so the present becomes a failure. They measure a man's life by the number of his days here, by the houses he owns, by the amount of his bank account, by the positions he commands. But one day death corners the market ; and when you hear of the man again, he is in distressingly reduced circumstances. The house he lies in is only broad enough for one—may be deep enough for two. His little bit of real estate no one cares to possess, especially for his own use, and his ledger account has items in it nothing can exactly balance.

Let it be repeated what has been said a thousand times before, that if you measure your life by its present surroundings ; if you limit its aim and purpose to the length of the natural ; if you narrow its possibility down to the seventy or eighty years you happen

by fortune to stand the summer suns and weather the winter winds,—then the end will be failure. It must be what Holy Scripture always makes it,—a dream, a vapor, a pilgrimage, a fading flower, a bunch of withered grass, a tale that is told, a shadow passing with the cloud ; and then what might have been the victory is swallowed up—in death.

There are so many of us who are like certain men you know. They were born and have always lived in some far inland village ; have never travelled twenty miles from their miserable little town ; say they have no desire to. Around them on every side, stretching far away, lies the rich, great nation, with its cities, and rivers, and mountains, and unlimited resources. But the man who has never thought or dreamed of the land beyond—whose life interests settle in the dozen houses and one street of his little burg—thinks his little dorp the centre of trade and commerce. Sweep his borough from off the face of earth, by fire or wind or water, and his interest in existence is gone.

There are so many such men about our doors—local, narrow, wedged-in men, “of

the earth earthy," who shall return to earth at last—and stay there. Fishers are such men, on some little lake where the land is encroaching. Day by day they watch the waters getting dark and full of earth, the great country getting nearer. Do they rejoice? No. Such men have no taste or liking for the fertile meadows, the fruitful fields, the waving forests. The question of life with such men is simply a question of fish.

Now, said the great Apostle, sweep your thought, your life, beyond its mere local settlement—its mere earthly closing; for when the village lies in ashes or is beaten down by storm and time, when the rolling, rippling lake has become a stagnant pool, beyond is the better country, the "sweet and blessed country which eager hearts expect." And the Easter of God's Church says, with the great Apostle, "Look beyond!" The sackcloth and ashes wherein your sins have wrapped you, cast them aside; the Lenten dole forget, or let the memory of it scourge you into something better. Rise, oh sleeping, faithless disciples! Easter has come again. "Rise, let us be going."

Too well we know men in the Church make a heartless form of Easter ; and men outside, not understanding, think it an empty form. It is the day when the slack Romanist gets absolved from sins from which the Great High Priest has not absolved. It is the day when the *pseudo* Churchman makes his annual communion. It is the day when kind friends who wish us well come to see the sweet flowers, or to hear the sweeter music. But to him whose heart is right, to him who holds the Fact it has for long centuries proclaimed, it is the day which stands alone in time ; a day to strengthen the weak and lift up the fallen ; a day to bring health to the sick and comfort to the sorrowful ; a day which has given sweetness to manners and holiness to morals ; a day which must at last set the bondman free and let the dead arise ; for to-day, in the ages past, Jesus, called Christ, arose from the dead, bringing the hope, bodying forth the FACT, that the stone on every human grave may at last be rolled away.

Men who do not yet accept that fact must feel glad to-day that other men can, and more and more are all people beginning to

suspect and despise that pretended iconoclasm, which, going up and down the land, filches and robs men of all fearless faith and holy hope, and which gives only eternal death to take their place.

The Resurrection of Christ, then, is the sure, the sweet, the only hope for you and me, when the day of work is done. If He arose, why then all is clear, all is plain, all is well. If He did not, why then at last we must be—yea, are we already—“men most miserable,” whether or not we know it. The faith is vain, the “fallen asleep are perished,” the whole affair called Christianity is a sham, a fabrication, an imposture on the human race, and the purest system of morality the world ever knew is the outgrowth of a stupendous lie. Bear home with you, then, why men believe in the Resurrection of the Dead, for we stand ready to give an answer to him that asketh us a reason of the hope that is in us. Bear with you in your hearts, for evermore, the reason why in weariness and painfulness, in watchings often, in hunger and thirst, in fastings often, in cold and nakedness, holy men of old went daily ; why

neither tribulation nor distress, persecution nor famine, nakedness nor peril, height nor depth, life nor death, ever separated such men from the Cross or the Faith it daily speaks.

The saying, Death is swallowed up in victory, is a quotation. Seven hundred years before St. Paul lived, the evangelical prophet wrote, "He will swallow up death in victory, and the Lord God will wipe away tears from off all faces." From Genesis to Revelation runs a reiteration or fulfilment of that tender prophecy. Calmly, ever hopefully, looks God's holy Word on death as a sleep for the beloved, a rest from labor. The body is a garment to be laid aside for the robe of glory, a house which, dissolving, leaves one eternal in the heavens. "He shall not return to me, but I shall go to him." "Awake and sing, ye that dwell in the dust." "Thy brother shall rise again." "Who shall change our vile bodies like unto His own glorious body." "I saw a multitude no man could number." "This mortal must put on immortality." Then "Death is swallowed up in victory." He who runs must read, that God's Word

teaches, is built upon the fact of, the Resurrection of the Dead.

Let us go further. Holy Scriptures teach, God is love. Now life is full of broken friendship, sundered love, unfinished work. If God is love, sometime, somewhere, the true friend must meet his friend ; the earnest, unfinished work, the unfulfilled purpose of life, will not remain forever broken columns ; somewhere, sometime, finished pillars must they stand in the temple up above. And He who will not quench the smoking flax or break the bruised reed—He who is love all infinite—will bring again the loved and lost. The broken friendship, the broken love of life, proves its immortality.

But you do not believe the Bible. Hear, then, the voice of history. The arguments which exist to prove the Resurrection of Jesus Christ are more cogent and conclusive than any which are advanced to prove the existence of Julius Cæsar. With the line of argument advanced against the Resurrection by the advanced German critics, the great logician, Whately, proved the non-existence of Napoleon ; and the greatest of the most

modern thinkers has shown that if you invalidate the evidence which sustains the Bible and the central fact of Christianity, you can wipe out all history. Unanswerable also is the argument that, unless some such miraculous event had occurred, the scattered, bewildered, dismayed disciples would never again have banded together; for to be a follower of Jesus Christ in that day meant more than the soft cushion, fair weather, fashionable affair, it does now. It meant poverty. It meant persecution. In the case of every apostle, except one, it meant death. Now, men do not to-day, did not then, sacrifice life or any of its comforts, unless the faith which was the principle of their action was a faith wider than the world, and infinitely farther reaching than this life.

You do not believe the Bible. Hear, then, the voice of nature. Hear why Easter comes in the spring time. Because the winter is ended and all things bud forth. The ice-bound brooks are running; the old, musty, dead-looking seeds are warming into life and beauty for your garden; the poor worm crawling out of the ground will soon

take wings of exquisite color and fly away ; thus bud and leaf, singing brook and singing bird, and every tiny creature of the dust, speak what the Holy Church to-day proclaims,—the gospel of immortality. Compassed about are we indeed with a cloud of witnesses in earth and sky and sea, saying there are no dead men, but “all live unto Him.” “Thou fool, that which thou sowest is not quickened, except it die.”

You do not believe the Bible. Hear, then, the voice of science. You can sink one chemical into another, and form a third ; the very chemical composition, molecular structure, of the former two is destroyed. You can throw in another chemical, and restore all to their original constituents. You are not the same man you were a few years ago. Not one atom of the body you now live in is the same. Nothing remains of what you were ten years ago except your physical and spiritual identity ; nothing *except the scars*.

You do not believe the Bible. Hear, then, the voice of universal belief. One of the most unpleasant points for the sceptic is the fact that the people never denied the con-

stantly repeated assertion of the apostle that Jesus rose from the dead. It was not a thing done in a corner, said St. Paul. Now, the Scribes and Pharisees were ever on the alert for some weak point. They would have hurled a triumphant denial of the resurrection in the face of the disciples, were not the facts so plain and well known by living witnesses about them that a denial would have rebounded against themselves ; and this general belief finds sympathy in every heart and nation. Not a people yet found who have not some belief in a hereafter. Long before Christ and His blessed gospel of immortality, classic writers taught and held that the relation of the soul to the body was that of rower to the boat. "The sea with its surges and its lightning might shatter the frail bark to splinters, rot it on the tusk of the reefs, or sink it to the fathomless abyss," and yet the rower walk like the disciple upon the waters. So it was the one white soul of Athens saw over his cup of hemlock, and beyond his prison wall, a future and a God. So, in far later days Goethe, as well as Richter, looking at the stars, said they must be

the home of souls ; and great Agassiz sleeping yonder in New England, and great Carlyle resting now in Old England, in still later years, held a clearer faith ; and so the Laureate sang, not for himself alone, but for the mighty world—

“ That nothing walks with aimless feet ;
That not one life shall be destroyed,
Or cast as rubbish in the void,
When God hath made the pile complete.”

Therefore the voice of nature and the voice of history, the voice of science and the voice of humanity, blending with the voice of Heaven, chant this Easter morning even a stranger song—the strangest Easter anthem ever heard—for thus it runs :

“ Behold, I show you a mystery.
We shall not all sleep,
But we shall all be changed ;
For this corruptible must put on incorruption,
And this mortal must put on immortality.
Then shall be brought to pass
The saying that is written :
DEATH IS SWALLOWED UP IN VICTORY.”

Immortality.

*A solemn murmur in the soul
Tells of the world to be,
As travellers hear the billows roll
Before they reach the sea.*

*The soul, secured in her existence, smiles
At the drawn dagger, and defies its point.
The stars shall fade away, the sun himself
Grow dim with age, and nature sink in years ;
But thou shalt flourish in immortal youth,
Unhurt amid the war of elements,
The wreck of matter, and the crash of worlds.*

—ADDISON.

I am the resurrection, and the life : he that believeth in **Me**, though he were dead, yet shall he live : and whosoever liveth and believeth in **Me** shall never die.

—S. JOHN, xi. 25, 26.

EASTER-TIDE.

Immortality.

If a man die, shall he live again?—JOB, xiv. 14.

IT was in the quiet autumn evening when his earthly life was drawing to its close that Daniel Webster said, "Thank God for that Gospel which brought life and immortality to light." It was the man who wrote the character of little Paul, who, watching the golden ripple on the wall and the coming of that old, old fashion, death, said, "Thank God, all who see it, for that older fashion yet of immortality."

The question whether immortality is the passing dream of a tender heart, or an eternal reality great and sure as God Himself, rests with the answer you give to the question, "If a man die, shall he live again?" For, to prove immortality, one does not need to show that the existence which follows human life

is everlasting. All the human soul asks is to be shown that there is any existence after that cold and rigid stillness called death.

If by the resurrection of our Lord, or by the power of any other sufficient cause, it can be shown that our resurrection is an absolute certainty, then it requires no strain upon faith or even reason to hold that the raised life shall live forever ; for the life that can conquer but for a single day the leaden earthiness of death, the life that can but a single moment look down and hear the dull thuds of those clods which fall upon the wooden case about its own dead body, has nothing more to fear : it has crossed the dead line and escaped every shot that can possibly be fired ; it has reached the life of God, the life which, having had no beginning, cannot possibly have any ending. The only vital question then is not, Shall a man live forever, but, " If a man die, shall he live again ? " even for one short day ?

Job's question, therefore, even in this narrow sense, is the one above all others of intense and awful interest. Other questions there have been of momentous importance in

other times and other places and to other beings, but for man, none from out the great eternity of God of such tragic and tremendous moment as this one of the patriarch of Uz, "If a man die, shall he live again?"

We know that many have taught, no doubt with ideas of humility and reverence, that the only question of transcendent importance is the glory of God. But the glory of God is a calm and perfect certainty whether man come or go, whether he live for a season or die eternally. The attributes of God plainly show this is true. God is infinite. You go into the depths of the world, into hell itself, and God is there. You take the wings of the morning and go to the ends of the earth and the farthest limit of sea and mountain, and God is there. Your mind flies to the distant planet or to that sun whose light has been sweeping toward us for countless years, and God is there. You close your eyes, and with hand upon your tired head try to dream of some limit, some stopping-place; but every point chosen necessarily supposes some infinite wall or space beyond, and at last your power of conception, your power of imagina-

tion, however grand and brilliant, loses itself, or fearing to be swallowed up in the eternal billows of an infinite sea rushes back to your individuality hushed and abashed.

Think for a moment also of the eternity of God. Time, the few centuries of the world, seem long to us ; Abraham standing in the gray dawn of history seems to us a dream of some Hebrew poet. But "before Abraham was," said the Divine One, "I am." The research of science has shown us in these later days that there have been not centuries simply, but unnumbered ages of growth and dissolution, then of growth again. But before all this was God. Before the tangled chaos of a universe, not to think of the void and darkness of an earth, before all these, was God. And if we attempt to form the future, the thought is just as futile, the conception is impossible. Yea, as it was in the beginning, is now, and ever shall be. Such is the glory of God, such is the wisdom, power, justice, holiness, and truth of a spiritual Being, who forever must, of necessity, be infinite, eternal, and unchangeable. We say, therefore, in all reverence, the one question above all others

in existence is not the glory of God, for that has been, is, and must forever be a fact, whether a man die eternally or whether he die and live again.

Nor is the subject of death a question of any particular debate. The slow or sudden stoppage of existence, the narrowness, the incompleteness, the fragmentariness of life is a truth realized by all thinking persons. Toward the narrow door of death and the darkness beyond move all the millions of the race, nor does any one deny or hinder the fact. Little babe and aged patriarch, warrior and civilian, society girl and housemaid, all are going the same way, down the Lenten road which at last comes to the Friday called Good. There is no dispute here nor gain-saying of that which is so beyond peradventure. Death, like the glory of God, is a calm, perfect, and inevitable certainty; the only question is whether after Good Friday there is in reality for those who wait for it any meaning in the day called Easter.

Neither is the important question of existence one of this world or of this life. Sometimes men try to make it seem so. While

the blood flows easily and the heart has not been too often discouraged, while it is yet morning and the sun has neither scorched nor cast lengthening shadows over the landscape, men may say life is enough. No one denies, either, that the world has its attractions. A stately pageant indeed is the courtly world moving in grand procession; heavy and costly are the folds of her sweeping train, hiding her sin and sorrow and squalor, a little gold but more tinsel, fair enough in the light of a society which only sins privately or respectably, but very worn and sallow and shallow in the light of a God who knoweth all things. For from out the great unknown, moves ever to cross and recross this worldly pageant that other procession which cries, Earth to earth, ashes to ashes, dust to dust. Truly the world passeth away and the lust thereof. Man goeth to his long home, and the mourners go about the streets, and the only question of real interest still is this, "If a man die, shall he live again?"

Some in these latter times have tried to comfort us with what they called a corporate

immortality ; that is, an immortality of a certain age or nation or family, and not of the individual. This is all well enough to dream about : it sounds self-denying, even heroic, to let one's personality be used for the filling up and levelling, so to speak, of the nineteenth century ; but it is so uncomfortably like one's own funeral, that, to say the least, it is not a cheerful thought. Most men are, no doubt, willing to give their portion toward bolstering up a lame and impotent age—one-tenth, say, or one-fifth even ; but to give up and deny one's own personal immortality for the mere fame of America, Alaska, or any other place as an aggregate, is a theory suitable for some insane supralapsarian, but is not adapted to the ordinary demand of the human heart. The question with each man still is this : " If *I* die, shall *I* live again ? " Shall I live again,—that is it,—for in all God's universe there is no more inconceivably awful thought than annihilation. Purgatory, hell—these ideas are nothing compared to the belief that we are to drown eternally, in a sea which can never give up its dead, the eloquence of Demosthenes, Cicero, and Mira-

beau ; to forget forever the thoughts of Homer and Dante, Milton and Shakespeare ; to hush everlastingly the music of Mozart and Beethoven, Mendelssohn and Wagner ; to cloud the thoughts of Raphael, Titian, and Murillo ; to pommel into dust the marble life of Phidias, Angelo, and Thorwaldsen ; to discord the chant of the Psalms, the oratorios of Isaiah, the nocturnes of Ezekiel, the carols of the Evangelists, the requiem and glorias of the Revelation ; to blot out in shame and sham, in ignominy and deception, never before or after equalled, to blot out and blast every line of that Divine character Who said, " I am the resurrection and the life : whosoever believeth in Me hath everlasting life, and I will raise him up at the last day." Surely, if the dead rise not, and we are never again to see the glory of the autumn sky, nor hear again the soft music of the summer wind, nor feel the balmy fragrance of the dying spring-time, then we are never to hope again, never to work again, never to love again. Truly, great apostle, if this be the end of all, then are we men most miserable.

If for the cry of the human heart there re-

mains but chaos and disintegrating ruin, then let us say with Coleridge :

“ Be sad, be glad, be neither ! seek nor shun !
Thou hast no reason why : Thou canst have none.
Thy being's being is contradiction.”

After all, if the present be satisfied, what does the world care what becomes of the future? “Cannot a man be happy and yet believe in nothing?” Yes, as an infant is happy ; a babe has no appreciation of the mighty past, or the majestic glory of the eternal future. All the baby asks is to be fed and to be amused and not to have its sleep too abruptly broken. It is quite as content to play in the mud as on a velvet carpet ; it neither reads nor thinks nor speaks any sense till many days have been added to its existence ; the dim memory of transient pain may keep it out of the fire, but it has no real idea of danger or of responsibility. Call such a being happy, if you please, but in grade and comparison with mature and certain faith in immortality, it is but the happiness of the rich man's horse. The rich man's horse stands in his padded stall ; he is fed and groomed, har-

nessed and driven, while youth allows him to remain handsome and spirited, and fashion has not decreed his mane and tail must have another length. After that he is sold to the poor man, and dies halt and broken, a poor man's horse. Happy is the rich man's horse we will admit, because he does not know or trouble about his future ; but his happiness is a kind not worth the dead weeds on which dies the poor man's horse, the horse that once was rich.

Now, suppose a man is moved to stir himself out of his child-life, or out of his mere animal existence, and seriously to meditate upon life's great question, "If a man die, shall he live again?" it is remarkable how many objections he will allow to have weight with him which really ought not to have any force at all.

Let but one be named. Men say, for instance, that they cannot believe in immortality, because it is something they cannot grasp or comprehend. How strange an excuse is this when we consider that comparatively nothing can be understood when traced back to its ultimate cause. Life itself—who

can say what it is? It is not the bones, or the muscles, or the nerves, or the physical identity; back within these there runs a mysterious something called will, mind, or spirit, and no one knows what that is or how it acts upon and controls the body. No one knows mathematically, absolutely, whence it came or whither it is going, and yet all men believe in life. They believe in that which they can neither explain nor comprehend. To any one who has studied astronomy, or indeed any science, there come moments when the immensity of facts to be handled can but fill with solemn awe. The unnumbered worlds sweeping with incalculable speed through the infinite space about suns that are moving themselves around some unknown satellites; stars coming and going no one knows whither,—all these are facts commonly admitted, but not mathematically proven nor understood by one in ten thousand believing the same. We need not go so far away. Take the facts and use of electricity. What is it? No man can say, but no sane man denies it. What is light? No one knows, but every one believes in light. What

is the power opposite to the power of gravitation? No one knows, yet there is some such force.

It comes to this, then, that heaven and earth are full of facts beyond our comprehension, but none the less facts for that. It becomes, therefore, worthy of remark, that immortality is beyond all ordinary earthly evidences, for the reason that it sweeps beyond all that is merely human and mortal, beyond all that is earthly. In certain parts of the ocean the waters are unfathomable; the heavy lead, though it strike no bottom, stands as it were in mid-air. Science has shown that beyond a certain depth nothing has been ever known to go; the heaviest metal will, because of the density of the waters, stand at that line. What, how far it is beyond that line, God, He alone, knows; but that there is a beyond, a sweep of water deeper and farther reaching than the still line of the gray old ocean, is a fact no intelligent man denies. In the same way, beyond all human ken, sweeps this solemn, grand, and awful fact of immortality. No man has ever measured this eternalness, because it cannot be meas-

ured ; no man has strictly, literally speaking, ever proven the existence of this immortality, because it is a fact not to be sized by feet and inches, by days and hours, or by metres and millimetres. He, then, who denies this immortality because it is something not to be enveloped in the hollow of the human hand, is like the man who says there is no North Pole, because no exploring party has ever reached that unknown region. He is like the man who tells us the highest mountains have no top, because no man has ever reached those lofty summits. He is like the men who deny the centre of Africa, because no bold and powerful traveller has as yet returned from the depths of that Dark Continent.

It is no proof, then, against immortality that a man cannot reduce his proof for it to a syllogism, to an algebraic axiom. The child that is to be born to-morrow surely knows nothing of the life into which it is about to enter, but it will certainly be born and will certainly live : so a man will pass at death into another life, though to-day he cannot give the least positive evidence of that

after life. Those who have visited Niagara will remember the lovely rainbow which spans the falls, a bridge of heavenly colors, but the waters which reflect that rainbow are forever changing. Some day when the waters have worn the rocks of Niagara down, the rainbow will disappear from human sight, but not from God's sight, for the rich and exquisite color of that bow came not from the changing waters, but from that sun which will shine when human life has become extinct. And some day when the color of your face, the light of your eye, and the well-known look of your features have become a blank because of the falling, dying body, you will not be dead. The light of God called life, which for a little shone from your body, will but have returned to that Sun, to that Eternal Light, from whence in the beginning it came forth. Of this was Wordsworth thinking when he said :

“ There shines through our earthly dresse
Bright shoots of everlasting-ness.”

So passes from human sight the most popular objection of modern unbelief,—the

objection that we are not to believe what we cannot analytically understand.

In proportion as such objections are weak you find the positive evidences for immortality cogent and powerful. The one evidence above all others is the resurrection of our Lord. We cannot present the proofs for the resurrection in the space and time allowed us. It is sufficient for our present purpose merely to recall that the evidences for the resurrection are the most conclusive of any fact in ancient history. If what are commonly called Christian evidences are ruled out of court, then with the sweep of your hand you can wipe out all history. Classic literature is but a myth, mediæval life but a vision, the Crusades an hallucination, and the Reformation but a Canterbury tale. Deny as unanswerable the Christian evidences, and the martyrs are but a dream, the saints but mental rhapsodies, the sacred wars but vapors and vagaries, and the historic Church but a romance mingled with "such stuff as dreams are made of."

We do not say that these evidences, however unanswerable, however cogent, insure

faith or belief in a life to come : far from it. Faith is a gift of God, to be had by those who ask for it, and who use the means of grace He has appointed. It is a matter of willing will, for no man can be convinced against his will ; it is a matter of character, for unless a man earnestly wish to fulfil his duty and serve God, no evidence possible can give him faith. Angels and archangels could not make a blind, prejudiced man see a world as large as Jupiter. It was true in the past, it must forever be true, of the man who daily and deliberately sins, that such a man would not be persuaded though one rose from the dead.

From what has been said, let no one, however, be led to think disparagingly of those logical and historical facts which carry before them an intellectual but not necessarily a spiritual assent to the truth. When in the goodness of God faith has been given us, these evidences are very helpful to strengthen and confirm this faith ; so helpful are they that it is the duty of all good Christians to study these evidences, and not be the religious sciolists so many people allow them-

selves not only to be, but to remain. Blown about by every wind of doctrine are these poor people, not having an answer to give for the reason of the hope that is in them. So helpful are these evidences that we venture to recall some mental states of being, not so ordinarily adduced as arguments for a life to come.

The very desire itself for immortality is a proof of its coming fulfilment. All other desires of mind, body, and soul have been gratified in some degree. God has given food and drink for the body, colors for the eye, melody for the ear, the flower and all redolence for the scent, the delicacy for the taste, the sensitive skin for the touch, canvas and all nature for the painter, the marble for the sculptor, music for the artist, the waving field for the farmer, and the cattle upon the hills for the herdsman. In this way we might go on through all desires, through all passions, whether love or friendship, ambition or emulation, and we would find for each some gratification. God in His mercy may not always give us all that for which we pray, because, like children, we often ask for what

would do us harm, nor do we attempt to explain why some never get their desire. God knows best, not we ; but this only is certainly true, that for every wish, want, or appetite there is some gratification if it be best for us.

It would be a most strange and inexplicable phenomenon if this desire for immortality, a desire old and deep as mankind, a desire universal as humanity, a desire more divine and God-like than all other,—it would, we say, be strange and utterly inexplicable if such a desire was never to be answered, such an ambition never to be gained, such a holy and reverent hope never to be fulfilled. Dreaming this truth was Tennyson when he wrote :

“ My own dim life shall teach me this,
That life shall live for evermore,
Else earth is darkness at the core,
And dust and ashes all that is.”

Another great intimation of a life to come lies in the instinctive feeling of mankind that virtue and mercy ought to be rewarded and cruelty and murder punished. When some terrible crime sends through the community

a thrill of horror, men say without stopping to argue or debate, "If there be a just God, this vile, damnable deed will surely be punished;" but, as we sadly know, such deeds are not always, if ever, punished in this life. If there be a God, then there must be a life hereafter to level down the wicked and to level up the good, for the grand and heroic full often get not a penny's worth of reward in this vale of misery and contradiction.

There is another pledge and earnest of our immortality in the fact of our origin. St. Paul quoting the heathen said, "Even your own poet has written, 'We are God's offspring.'" We came out from God in the belief of all intelligent nations; is it not most natural to suppose we shall return to Him? It is not forgotten that in these times some have taught that we were evolved from monkeys of high and low degree, from tadpoles and other frog spawn. This belief needs no other answer than the severe but deserved handling which Carlyle gave it. It needs no other answer than that universal feeling of humanity, saying with Wordsworth :

“ The soul that rises with us, our life star,
Hath had elsewhere its setting,
And cometh from afar ;
Not in entire forgetfulness,
And not in utter nakedness,
But trailing clouds of glory do we come,
From God, who is our home.”

Surely these words are true, and there can be nothing more probable than that the God who gave us birth, who breathed into our nostrils the breath of life, in whose Divine image we were made, surely this holy God if we wish it, if we ask it will not allow our life to be destroyed,

“ Or cast as rubbish to the void
When He hath made the pile complete.”

Consider another proof of immortality. It is a subtle evidence, full of strangeness and mystery, but none the less a most forcible evidence. It is the indescribable, inexpressible feeling that sometimes comes to any life of any depth when under certain excitements. A woman feels it when suddenly the love of her life lies dead ; a man feels it going into battle. It is the enthusiasm which follows

the pale shiver of the first fear of actual conflict. An ordinary life may feel it under the mystic magnetism of eloquent oratory, or when under the charm of magnificent music. Any one may feel it when in a room alone with a dead body, or when going through a churchyard at sunset or at night. It is the voice of the absent, it is the breath of our good angel, it is the intimation of our Immortality.

It is not unknown that all which has been said is denied by many. Men often hope by denying a hereafter to feel easier in the license they have taken to commit sin and crime. They hope by denying God to get away from the mysterious and inexplorable; but when a man denies God and the life to come, he increases the mystery and contradiction tenfold. It is easier to suppose that the broken type which have been pitched into the printer's hell, will strike off of themselves some grand epic poem, than it is to presume that this world came by chance. It is easier to suppose, all things considered, that the past was but the fancy of a fool, than that the future of the human race and of all

God's universe is to end in confused nothingness. Our daily life is a daily miracle, yet men go up and down the land complaining about the improbability and the impossibility of the miraculous. They want a God and religion of reason, they say, and they mean by reason what their small minds can measure. A pretty God these men could give the world,—a God of humanity, as they call Him, who would chop wood and plough the fields; a God who would ask men's advice, and attend the Concord School of Philosophy; a God of whom it must be said in the withering satire of Elijah, "Pray louder, for he is a God: either he is talking or he is pursuing, or he is on a journey, or peradventure he sleepeth and must be awakened."

Far different from the tone of the men whom Elijah so effectively obliterated, was the spirit of those characters in history who were truly great. The thinkers who claim that independence and transcendence of mind which will not allow them to herd intellectually with women and children seem never to have heard of Isaiah and Saint Paul, or to have read Dante and Shake-

speare, or to have known Webster and Lincoln, Wellington and Washington, or to have heard of Bacon and Galileo, O'Connell and Burke, Raphael and Angelo, Marco Polo and Columbus, Mozart and Beethoven, Thorwaldsen and Millet, Irving and Thackeray, Louise of Germany, Louis IX. of France, and Albert of England. These souls that towered so high above the plane of ordinary humanity were Christians, all of them, and believers in immortality. It would be an interesting thing also to know whether the so-called liberal thinkers ever read or heard of that Emerson whom they so much profess to admire ; for it was he who said, " We carry the pledge of immortality in our breast ; " it was he who, to a cultured Boston audience, said that " the logic of modern infidelity could only be compared to the slaughter-house style of thinking." In these very words did the New England apostle of " liberal theology " slay with the jaw-bone of an ass the Philistine hosts of " new and broad thought." So indeed passeth the glory of the world.

Therefore, with men who have nothing new,

only that which is old and tried, only that Faith once delivered to the saints, we who are Churchmen take our stand for life or for death, and when you ask us, "If a man die, shall he live again?" we answer in the name of fiction and poetry, in the name of eloquence and philosophy, in the name of art and discovery, in the name of science and religion, in the name of instinct which cries to Heaven, and conscience which never lies, in the name of humanity which waits, and in the name of the Creator who will keep His word :

"I believe in God the Father Almighty, and in Jesus Christ His only Son our Lord ; I believe in the Holy Ghost, the Holy Catholic Church, the Communion of Saints, the Forgiveness of Sins, the Resurrection of the Body, and the Life Everlasting, Amen."

The Church of America.

These thoughts upon the Church of America I dedicate to him who was my Father in the Faith, George Franklin Seymour, S.T.D., LL.D., Bishop of Springfield—the Bishop who taught me to regard the good of all ages, and to seek the truth of all parties.

NOTE.—*This sermon was delivered in St. Paul's Church, Alton, Illinois, before the Very Rev. Dean and the Rev. Clergy of the Deanery of Litchfield. It was the intention of the speaker to review certain special dangers which characterize the present age, and to assume as known those awful forces ever against the earthly Church, comprehended in the phrase, "the world, the flesh, and the devil." If the author spoke disparagingly of the English Church of the eighteenth century, it was not because he failed to appreciate the grandeur of Her present position or the true nobility of those many faithful men who to-day labor in Her midst.*

The Church of America.

THE FORCES AGAINST IT. THE FACTS
FOR IT.

The Church of God which He hath purchased with His own blood.—THE ACTS OF THE APOSTLES, xx. 28.

THE vital question which early Christianity settled was, "Who and what is Christ?" The cardinal issue of modern Christianity is, "Where and what is the Church?"

Some, whose religion is purely subjective and idealistic, say that our words and meditations at all times dwell upon "the Church," and that alone. They go so far as to say that we make the Church everything and Christ nothing, as if one could, even if they wished, meditate upon the Church, which is the very Body of Christ, that which He purchased with His own blood; as if one could do this and not think of Christ Himself. This well-known cavil of Churchmen "ever-

lastingly talking Church," borders upon the amusing when we consider the source of this captious fallacy, for the people who cry, "The Bible, the Bible, the religion of Protestants," must have read their Bible with both eyes closed, or they would have seen that God's Word is but the history of the Church, a revelation of the coming Church, and that this revelation knows of no other than "the Church," which is one family in heaven and earth. Never a word in all its pages about the Methodist, or the Presbyterian, or even the Protestant Episcopal Church—never a word about "my" Church or even "our" Church. A few sentences, not very complimentary as you know, concerning the Amorites, and Hittites, and Canaanites, but not so much as a word concerning the four hundred and thirty ites and isms to which modern times have given rise. Rather the history of the long centuries before Christ was the story of the Church only,—a Church, by the way, gorgeously and magnificently ritualistic; a Church where Christ and His apostles worshipped without complaint or prejudice. When a man was to be reproved, the Blessed Lord said tell it, not to

the Wesleyans, nor to the Lutherans, nor to the Presbyterians, nor even to the "Episcopalians," but tell it to "the Church," and if he refuse to hear the Church, let him be unto you as a heathen man and a publican. And St. Paul said, not Calvinism nor any other ism, but the Church of God, which He purchased with His own blood; and the same great apostle turned suddenly upon the Corinthians and said, as he saw rising the spirit of envy, strife, and division—he turned and said, Who is Paul, who is Apollos, who is Cephas? Were you baptized in these names? And the loved disciple, beholding from off Patmos visions which no human language could picture, sketches in outline, in Raphael cartoons, a new Jerusalem, a multitude no man could number, a chorus of angelic harmony, a worship of such transcendent splendor that cherubim and seraphim veiled their faces. A heavenly vision was this Apocalypse of the Church, and not the mere dream of a human society held together to-day by taste and congenial likings, and to-morrow torn to pieces by hate and prejudice and the power of a godless private opinion.

The last forty days the Divine One spent upon earth were passed, it is written, in "speaking of the things pertaining to the Kingdom of God." To say that the "Kingdom of God" and "Kingdom of Heaven," terms so often used by the Blessed Lord, refer simply to the Church invisible, is impossible, for such parables as those of the fishes, the wheat and the tares, plainly show that in this Kingdom of Heaven is found the evil with the good ; but no body of respectable men ever yet has held that the Church at Rest or Triumphant is to be defiled with evil. The last forty days, then,—and surely there have been none in history more solemn,—were spent in speaking of the earthly Church.

So one could go on and show that from first to last the Bible is the inspired narrative of a Church, a Church not rent into a thousand fragments ; but a Church of one Lord, one Faith, one Baptism—not a body of so-called churches, with five hundred Lords, four hundred faiths, and three hundred sacraments.

What is true of the Bible is true of history. History for fifteen hundred years knows of

none other than the one Holy Catholic and Apostolic Church. It follows, then, that either there was no Church for fifteen centuries, and the gates of hell had prevailed against it, or the multitude of societies which have risen in later times, and which are called after human names, are not the Church. These facts are also true of the Prayer Book. A printer, by no official authority, tacked upon its title-page a strange, negative, ambiguous name ; but Creed and Prayer within its pages speak only of The or Thy Church, and by the side of the body from which the spirit is departing it prays that when we have served God in our generation, "we may be gathered unto our fathers, having the testimony of a good conscience, in the Communion of the Catholic Church." He, then, who cavils about our reverence for the Church, the Body of Christ, condemns not only us, but Prayer Book, Church History, and Holy Scripture.

That the Communion of which we are members is finally to be in every sense "the Church" of America, there is no doubt in the mind of the speaker, whatever be the mind

of his listeners. The day, however, when that triumphant time is finally to come, depends upon the haste and thoroughness with which we realize the cause of our weakness, the violence of our prejudices, and the power of our mission and authority, when broadly and grandly used.

That the apostle who described the Church of Christ as "the Church of God which He hath purchased with His own Blood," foresaw dangers in every age, is plainly shown from the verses which follow. "For I know this, that after my departing grievous wolves shall enter in among you, not sparing the flock. Also of *your own selves* shall men arise, speaking perverse things, to draw away disciples after them."

Sometimes when we clearly understand a difficulty we know best how to meet it. When we can see and measure an obstruction, we can more easily and hastily remove it. Perhaps the largest mountain which blocks our path and blinds our vision is the fact that this is an age of dense ecclesiastical ignorance. The very limited number of parish schools, the lack of personal instruction

by the priest,—which has been replaced in so many cases by the superficial surface teaching of Sunday schools,—and the rash irreverence of parts of Protestantism which would have you “come to Jesus” with your hat on, are responsible for much of this sciolism of the day. If it is true that a large part of the mass cannot name the thirteen original States, it is more true that the vast majority know nothing concerning the Fathers of the undivided Church, not to speak of its undisputed Councils. If it is true that a large part of the nation has never read its Constitution, its Declaration, or the Farewell Address, it is more true that vast numbers cannot give the biblical reasons for their own confirmation, or the barest synopsis of English Church history. If it is true that the majority do not know why the wind blows, it is more true that they cannot give the few unanswerable arguments which prove the existence of a personal God. Brilliant and wonderful beyond comparison is the day in literature and invention, and in “science falsely so called ;” but “dark” unto blackness must have been those past “ages,” if they knew

less than these times concerning "those things which a Christian ought to know and believe to his soul's health," or were less able to obey the apostle, and give answer to any one who asketh a reason for the faith in them.

Out of this state of things grows the fact that a vast number of the Church in America are ignorant of their own great inheritance. Hurried into the Church without proper instruction, fed afterwards with an endless number of sermons which they neither remembered nor followed, fed with little else than this, these people grew up to look upon the Church as one of the many religious societies, to be preferred for its gentility, its wealth and aristocracy, but for nothing higher. Into a sadder mistake no body of Christians could possibly fall. The story of history and fiction repeats itself. There was a prince once, you remember, who, when a child, was cast into humble life. Through long years he toiled and suffered and starved, never knowing or dreaming of the throne which awaited him. One day, when his life was far spent, they came and told him of his inheritance, but he laughed them to scorn,

—said he was a peasant and gloried in the fact ; that he did not believe them, but that if he did he would not occupy a position so many had disgraced. So, poor, starved, alone, of his own free will, he died. In like manner there are thousands of men in the Church of America who will live and die in the narrow limits of their own poor ignorance and prejudice, refusing to believe that the Church is other than one of many poor, wretched sects, which come and go as the trees, in a century. That the Church of America is part of the very Church Christ founded on earth, the Church of the historic Creeds and Councils, the Church of the Apostles, Prophets, and Martyrs, the Church of the Saints, Hermits, and Confessors, the Church of history as well as Scripture, is a fact these poor people will deny—against which they will even fight. Out of such a condition of affairs has grown the fact, that, until of late years, the American Church has refused to recognize some of her greatest and most faithful sons. Not half a century since, in words sad as they were true and terrible, John Henry Newman told the

Church of England that she had forgotten the fair face and character of her own children. And who shall say that, for an hundred years at least, it was not our lot to follow in the footsteps of the Mother Church ?

This lack of historical and biblical knowledge led to that worship of modern antiquity which is so very prevalent. You hear people quite constantly apotheosizing "the good old times," and deprecating present times and present manners. Now, if these people mean by old times the real old times, then, in many things, they are right. Research shows among the ruins of long-lost cities evidences of useful and ornamental art which are still among the lost arts. And, in the religious world, we hope to find and restore some lost arts. We find, for instance, in the good old Jewish times that people sometimes walked an hundred miles to worship God in His consecrated house—not simply to hear the sermon or the singing of the choir. We find that Church full of white-robed choristers and priests ; never do we read in all the Bible of black-coated ministers or quartette choirs. We find in that Church a reverence

which if violated brought death. We find daily offered, amid the light of altar tapers, the sweet scent of rising incense and chanting of the priests, the foreshadowing of a great sacrifice. We find that Christ we worship and His inspired apostles going long journeys to worship in that very temple where were daily carried on what some people would now call "ritualistic practices." If we pass to the good old Christian times, we find still in every part of the Christian Church those very customs and ceremonies which some people say "were not in the good old times." And this statement is made, we fear, not so much to admire with reverence and humility the past, as to condemn, in their judgment, the present. But how sad is the day if the Church of God, that Church which is the infinite and eternal Body of Christ, is to be narrowed down or cramped within the prejudices and within the poor miserable ritual of any one parish or diocese, past, present, or future.

What has this modern past done for us, when we come to look at it calmly? The dear Mother Church, as the Church of Eng-

land is so often called, would not, because of State and Church relations, give us a bishop, until, less than a hundred years ago, the many children of the Church, having no shepherd, wandered away from the fold. Then, because of the leaden lethargy of its members, it drove not Wesley, but his earnest-hearted followers from the Church. Had the English Church of a century ago allowed the methods of work she now allows, all that great body of active Christians commonly called Methodists would to-day be with us. Only fifty years ago the prejudice, bitterness, and unbridled tongues of men in the English Church drove John Henry Newman and nearly one hundred and fifty other priests into the fold of Rome. It is most natural that the early American Church should have imbibed some of the lameness, the indolent arrogance, and the astounding irreverence which characterized the English Church of the eighteenth century. The early history of the American Church, even that part which many men now remember, is not, then, in all its particulars, the best pattern for an ideal model. Many now living remember certain

parishes where the baptismal font held the dripping umbrellas ; where men stood in the House of God with hats on, or, if they took them off, put them on any convenient place, the font or the lectern. Many remember the feast of peanuts, laughter and flirtation the quartette choir had in the high gallery in the midst of service, or the happier time the sheep and the cattle had in the churchyard because of broken fences and general negligence ; and there are those still living who remember the black gown, that dear old symbol of John Calvin, of sin, Satan and death. Now it is a very easily explained fact that since the churches of England and America have begun to restore the real old service and reverence of the Church Catholic, there has been a grand and enthusiastic revival, and that the last score of years has witnessed a growth and prosperity which even the religious bodies about admit is marvellous. Thank God, the Church of to-day has room enough for men of all opinions and parties, be they broad as humanity, low as the human heart, or high as God's heaven ; but he who runs may read this fact, that

humanity is drifting in but two directions, and those directions are neither toward Romanism nor toward Protestantism, but toward infidelity on one side and toward biblical and historical Catholicism on the other. Against every advance, from the steamboat to the steam-thresher, has modern prejudice been arrayed ; but with the majestic march of a higher civilization which sweeps calmly over all smaller things, moves also that Church which looks forward and upward, the Church of choir-boys and sisterhoods and brotherhoods, the Church which pleads to God daily, through the grandest service that human hands and human hearts can offer, the one and sufficient Sacrifice of Calvary ; that Church which reverences the past customs, not only of fifty years ago, but of five hundred years, of fifteen hundred years, of twice fifteen hundred years ago.

In contrast with what can but be termed ancestor worship, has risen the very opposite error,—that is, the constant cry of Progress. They tell us that everything else has improved, so you must improve the Church ; all else has changed, they say, you must

change the Church to suit the latest mode or school of thought. But there is such a thing as a change for the worse. It was the man who came nearest to inspiration who told us that it was wasteful as well as ridiculous to gild refined gold, to paint the lily, to throw perfume on a violet, to smooth the ice, to add another hue to the rainbow, or to seek to garnish the eye of Heaven with a candle. In other words, so-called progress, in some directions, is an evil ; it is trying to make a square squarer, a circle rounder ; it is adding another note to the scale, and thereby forming a discord. Nowhere is this fact more certain than in the Church of God. The Church is the Body of Christ. You cannot improve upon that by any change, human or divine. Romanism has added to that Body—sometimes almost buried it ; Protestantism has taken from that Body. Romanism and Protestantism have, then, both alike tried to change, to improve, to progress upon the divine Body of Christ, and, therefore, must stand at last with those who have placed upon our Lord a cross or with those who robbed Him of His raiment.

Along with the cry that this is an age of change and progress, has been heard also the cry that this is an age of charity, that it is an age of liberty of thought, unshackled by religious oppression, an age of "sublime charity." But much of it is a *pseudo* charity; a charity which is not liberty, but license; a charity which covers a multitude of sins. When the rabble divides your home, robs you of your property, turns the ground where rest the bodies of your dead into a race-course, desecrates all that is dear and sacred to your heart, you do not sit quietly at home and say such people have a right to do and think as they please—this is an age of charity. Neither can a devout Churchman see all the moral law mocked, the very and only Body of Christ rent into fragments by Protestantism, vilified by infidelity, or sepulchred by Romanism, and hold his silence; for if he were coward, or craven, or dreamer enough to be deceived by such a sham charity, if at such a time he were to hold his peace, the very stones would cry out. Faith, hope and charity, and the greatest of these is charity; but no charity since the world began

ever made right wrong or wrong right. As Churchmen we have, therefore, to meet and to battle with an age which covers and permits a vast amount of evil under the broad sounding name of charity.

The Church has to contend also with an age of most violent prejudice. In no direction is the unreasonable animosity of the day more quickly seen than in the hatred of a Protestant for anything that he thinks savors of the Church of Rome. That the Romanist has fed the hungry, clothed the naked, and visited the sick, is nothing to a Protestant ; his ire against the papal obedience has settled into an hereditary hate. The instinctive antipathy of animals is something very remarkable. The rat will leave a neighborhood where a ferret has simply walked ; an ox, from calfhood up to respected old age, will hook at a dog. The scientific solution of this is, that when the ox was an urus and the dog a starving wolf, they met only in mortal fray, and this protective antagonism has been inherited. You might explain to the ox all day, if you had the time, that the dog passing through his field

had no wish to disturb his peace, but could he speak he would say, "He is a dog; that is enough. Give me a chance and I will hook him." In like manner the respective animals of Rome and Wittenberg regard each other. The Roman dog looks upon the Protestant ox as a harmless, good-for-nothing sort of an animal, and never notices him unless run at; then he dodges his horns, stops a while to bark and worry him, enjoys this thing immensely, and then slips under his ecclesiastical fence and follows his master the pope, saying, by his general appearance, "What a foolish old animal that Protestant ox is, anyway!"

That the Roman Church has in it grievous error, no one outside of its own communion denies. Yet we know of no error in Rome as great as the common Protestant heresy, that any man can form a society and call it a Church, and that these innumerable "churches" can go on increasing and arraying themselves against each other and still be the Body of Christ on earth. No error since the world began was ever greater or more grievous than that, and it is but natural

if at last all Protestantism resolve itself into its logical conclusion,—a vast negative, with nothing positive about it except its prejudice.

Violent, indeed, has been this protesting spirit in all ages, as when it called Christ a devil, a friend of publicans and sinners, a glutton and a wine-bibber.

Therefore, against such forces as these, the spirit of ignorance and the spirit of prejudice, the spirit of false charity, the spirit of false progress, and the spirit of ancestor worship,—against these, which are the modern gates of hell, must the Church battle; against them, as the Lord has promised, she will prevail. For the Church of America is not the taste or fancy of an individual, to come and go with the life of a generation. It is a part of that Catholic Church which was born of the Holy Ghost upon the day of Pentecost, and which must continue until its children gather at the feet of Him who is its Head.

All this and more is that branch of Christ's own Catholic Church concerning which we are taught this day to meditate. Catholic because it is the Church of history as well

as the Church of the Bible. Neither Rome nor Protestantism can look the history of the universal, undivided Church in the face and abide the verdict. Catholic, because its Faith is positive and not a vast negative. Catholic, because like the blessed Lord it teaches by word, by example, and by symbolism. Catholic, because it believes Christ lived and died, not for any selected number, but that He was "the Saviour of the world." Catholic, because it is the Church for all times, all places, and all men. Catholic, because it is lowly in its reverence for any human soul, poor or rich. Catholic, because its sympathies are broad as the whole earth, and its members are the baptized of the world. Catholic, because its hope, its purpose, its final destiny, is as high as heaven. Catholic, because it is the Body of Christ, the Church which He purchased with His own Blood. Catholic, because *it is the continued life of Christ upon the earth*. It therefore not only leads men up to God, but,—most reverently let such words be uttered,—through its divinely appointed channels, it brings God down to man.

**The Message of the Church to
Men of Wealth.**

There was a certain rich man, and there was a certain beggar. And it came to pass, that the beggar died, and was carried by the angels into Abraham's bosom: the rich man also died, and was buried; and in hell he lifted up his eyes, being in torments.

—S. LUKE, xvi. 19 to end.


Charge them who are rich in this world, that they be ready to give, and glad to distribute; laying up in store for themselves a good foundation against the time to come, that they may attain eternal life.—1 TIM. vi. 17, 18, 19.

Be merciful after thy power. If thou hast much, give plenteously; if thou hast little, do thy diligence gladly to give of that little; for so gatherest thou thyself a good reward in the day of necessity.—TOBIT, iv. 8, 9.

*THE FIRST SUNDAY AFTER
TRINITY.*

**The Message of the Church to
Men of Wealth.**

Then said Jesus unto His disciples, Verily I say unto you, That a rich man shall hardly enter into the kingdom of heaven. And again I say unto you, It is easier for a camel to go through the eye of a needle, than for a rich man to enter into the Kingdom of God.—S. MATTHEW, xix. 23 and 24.

O arraign the rich man at the court of public opinion is now thought in many places the wise and proper thing. Thousands of poor souls, headed by men from their own ranks, take from their starving families almost the last dollar left, and spend it in printing flaring posters and in hiring public halls, where they pass hours breathing bad air and denouncing their fellow-men. Before we give any such move-

ment our final sympathy and coöperation, let us seriously consider some unquestioned facts. And the first one is, that no sane man, here or elsewhere, would decline wealth if offered him. There are few men, indeed, who would decline to do a little humble begging to-morrow, if for that begging they could secure, say, a million of dollars.

The men who are loudest in their denunciation of the rich are, as they honestly say, "anti-poverty" men. They believe exactly as the rich man does, that poverty is not a desirable thing.

Let us keep, then, the fact before our minds, that all here and elsewhere would be rich if in their power. In the moral and spiritual world, heart-desire is the man : what a man desires to be, that he is. In desire, with scarce an exception, we are all rich men. Proceed therefore with the court of public censure, if it must be, yet let each man remember that before God the arraignment is not of the few, but of the many.

Another fact, which cannot be denied, is that the Church has never taught there was necessarily either virtue or praise in poverty.

Holy Scripture speaks very plainly and solemnly against the inordinate love of riches, but none the less plainly against the sin and danger of the idle, the thriftless, and the slothful. Poverty self-chosen, like that of our Lord's, is something divine, but poverty which is the result of folly and inertness is devilish. The first and chief moral tramp of the universe was and still is the devil.

It is one thing with Moses to decline the luxury and splendor of the palace, but an entirely different thing to be a "wicked and slothful servant," wrapping one's gift and talent and energy in a napkin, and hiding it in the ground. It is one thing to say with St. Paul, "I have learned in whatsoever state I am, therewith to be content," but an entirely different thing, upon losing the mere effects of this world, to "curse God and die." Let no man, therefore, comfort himself with the thought that poverty has inherent virtue, or that the mere possession of riches is inherent sin. It is living the wrong kind of life, and rebellion against the unavoidable, by the poor; it is living the wrong kind of life, the waste of opportunity, and the misuse of

wealth, by the rich,—which has darkened the face of humanity.

Let this fact also be recalled, that the antagonism between wealth and poverty, the struggle between labor and capital, is nothing new: it is as old as the human race. Read the twenty-fifth chapter of First Samuel, and you will find that as long as thirty centuries ago a mob would have sacked and destroyed a rich man and his property but for the ingeniousness of a pretty and politic woman.

The men who parade our streets and make the wild demand that all property is to be equally divided, are arrayed against nothing new, but merely against what God has ordained, that some men are to have ten talents, others five, and others one. A careful study and appreciation of what God has given us will, we believe, prove *that when all circumstances and surroundings are considered, especially those lasting and eternal possibilities which God has placed within the grasp of the poorest as well as the richest*; when these facts are considered, it will be found that each man has his just and equal share.

For while wealth brings personal comforts,

unnumbered conveniences, in some places social position, and in others civil and political influence ; while it may insure all these passing things and many others, it never makes pain of body, worry of mind, or sorrow of heart any easier to bear: rather is it true that the rich man feels pain, sorrow, and disappointment more bitterly than his neighbor, who, from long experience, knows, and to some extent at least is hardened to, the weariness of want and wretchedness.

Two men walked along, side by side—one a man of great fortune, the other a man of comparative poverty. But it was the poor man who said he slept well and had much for which to be grateful, and it was the rich one, looking in at the shop windows, said : “ Why is there no sleep to sell ? Why do worries accumulate till life is one great sorrow ? ” a sorrow which is of this world, a sorrow which worketh death.

Once, it has somewhere been written, there gathered in one of the world's great cities one of those remarkable companies, actors, clergymen, scientists, statesmen, and the flower of literature ; among all these a man of immense

wealth. Looking at him, the statesman said : "If I had that man's wealth, the elections would be mine ;" looking at him, the antiquarian said : "If I had that man's riches, my collection would be the finest in the world ;" looking at him, the literary man said : "If I had his fortune I would have no worries, and I would have leisure enough to make my life immortal."

But how little did these men, with all their learning, know of the secrets of the human heart ; for a few hours after that celebrated reception, the one envied man of that great company was lying on the beautiful common, dead by his own hand. The quiet stars of God looked down upon his handsome face, and standing there you heard his history in the inspired words of Rome's great prisoner : "They that will be rich fall into temptation and a snare, and into many foolish and hurtful lusts, which drown men in destruction and perdition. For the love of money is the root of all evil, which while some have coveted after, they have been seduced from the faith and pierced themselves through with many sorrows."

How many men since the time of Judas have stood before the priests of Mammon when life was at its end, saying, "I have sinned," and the priests of Mammon have answered, "What is that to us? See thou to that;" and, hearing these words, how many men have cast down their ill-gotten gains on the floor of the world's temple, and, going out, have never returned again.

With the rich man's sorrow is linked spiritual danger. There, first of all, is the danger of discouragement, the danger of getting weary in well-doing. When a rich man has had his best bread thrown in the streets by tramps, when he has had his best motives impugned, and his most cherished charities cast back into his face a few times, he feels very strongly like letting the poor and the ignorant take care of themselves. The very noblest intentions of wealthy men are often entirely misunderstood and misrepresented. This cannot be better illustrated than by a case in American history. When the war with England closed, the United States had no money and therefore issued bonds. If the credit of the United States is now the highest

of any nation in the world, it is also true that at that time her credit was by far the lowest of any nation in the world. The bonds, of course, had no takers, and the outlook for American credit was darker than any "Black Friday" ever known. It was in such an hour that a few loyal men of means, risking their fortunes, bought United States bonds and saved the nation's credit. It happened, as you know, that the land prospered, and the men who bought the bonds were rewarded with good profits. But the masses never thanked these men. Rather did they do their best to repudiate the bonds and abuse their holders. It was at that time men were first called "bloated bondholders," and since then many well-intended Americans have been similarly treated. If their investment succeeded, they were called by unpleasant names; if it failed and their fortune was lost, they were called "fools." This kind of treatment does not encourage a man to be patriotic. Nor does such a lack of appreciation encourage a man to be charitable.

Here is a man owning some dilapidated tenement-houses, and the press, the clergy

and the politicians say it is very wrong to make poor people live in such degradation. Under this pressure the man rebuilds his tenement-houses, makes them decently habitable, and then he finds the poor will not rent them; he finds the much-pitied poor man will spend willingly each week one dollar or more for bad beer, but not for better quarters for his family; he finds that the much-pitied poor man, rather than be deprived of his Saturday night carousal, will go and live in other tenements like those torn down. This is discouraging. Then the rich man finds that begging has become a profession, and that more than half his charities have gone to people who did not deserve them. One morning he finds his barns burned down, and his noble horses with them, because he refused to pay some few hundred men on his railroad more than the road was earning. Another day comes, and he finds one of his favorite men with a broken head, because he declined to discharge some competent but non-union man. Do you wonder that the rich man grows utterly discouraged, or, being entirely human like the rest of us, he grows bitter

and retaliates? And then begins the worst of all civil wars, the struggle of labor with capital ; then begins what never should be forgotten, that we cannot do without each other, that capital can do nothing without labor, and that labor can do nothing without capital ; that, we say, which should never be forgotten, that rich man and poor man are alike children of one God, of one Eternal Father, and that they are, therefore, brothers, and that if they would succeed in this world and meet again in the world to come, they must do unto others as they would have other men do unto them. The rich man, then, must not only be rich, he must be brave and great, or he will weary in well-doing and come short of that kingdom which, if he fail to gain, he is poor indeed. He must go on giving and helping and spending and being spent, whether or not men wrong him, the masses curse him, and all forsake him. If none other knows, God knows, and God will reward, and he who has God has all.

There is another danger in riches. It is the danger of making a man an autocrat in the wrong place. "In the wrong place," we

say, for the rich man must be an autocrat somewhere. He must control in whatever be his calling : that is what makes him a rich man, his ability to rule absolutely and be every inch a king. The moment a rich man lets a dozen other people, more or less, run his affairs, he will begin to fail. Hundreds of people on every side are desirous of telling him what he ought to do with his money, and he very rightly resents such an interference. He says he made his money by his own hard work and industry and attention to his own affairs. Certainly it should be his privilege to say where and to whom he should give it, or divide it. This spirit of being master, ruler, autocrat, aristocrat, goes on till it not only becomes his nature, but it overwhelms him and makes him take one step too much,—the fatal step of forgetting that in the sight of God he is but a servant and a steward, a steward that must give an account of what has been given him ; given him not to use for himself, but for God and for His Church.

But the ordinary rich man resents such a teaching as annoying to his kingly supremacy. When the Church comes and asks alms at his

door,—strange that the Body of Christ should do that,—he says : “ There, beggar, take the crumbs, take what does not hurt me nor mine, but do not ask more ; and, beggar, before you go, let me say you must conduct yourself as I wish. All others who get help from me do as I command. If you forget this, beggar, and fall to acting regardless of my taste and wishes, I will give you no more. Indeed, we will part never to meet again.”—“ Rich man,” answers the beggar, “ desert me, but on the peril of your soul’s salvation. I am what you call me, a ‘ beggar,’ but, as you ought to know, a beggar bride, and serve my Lord and Him alone. He was once poor and hated and dishonored, as I am, that others might be rich. When my Lord’s servant, Death, leads you into His presence, and you are poor, I will then, rich man, forget, if it be possible, that once you were rich and I beggar at your gate.” It is the old, old danger of which God warned us so solemnly more than thirty centuries ago. “ When thou hast eaten and art full, beware that thou forget not the Lord thy God. Lest when thou hast eaten and art full, and hast built goodly houses and

dwelt therein ; and when thy herds and thy flocks multiply, and thy silver and thy gold is multiplied, and all that thou hast is multiplied, *then* thine heart be lifted up and thou forget the Lord thy God, and thou say in thine heart, ‘ *My* power and the might of *mine* hand hath gotten me this wealth,’ but thou shalt remember the Lord thy God, for it is *He* that giveth the power to get wealth.”

These solemn words foreshadow one of the gravest dangers of the rich man’s life,—the peril of denying what the Church so carefully and constantly teaches, that “All things come of *Thee*, O Lord, and of *Thine own* have we given *Thee*.”

This danger is a most insidious one out of the very nature of surrounding circumstances, and leads to another peril—the peril of breaking the Eighth Commandment, “Thou shalt not steal.” “Will a man rob God?” said the world, even startled at such a fearful thought. “Yes,” said the last prophet before the coming of Christ, “ye have robbed Me.”—“Wherein have we robbed *Thee*?” said the world ; and God answered, “In tithes and offerings.” God asked the Jew to give as a *debt* a tithe

(that is, a tenth of his income), and *after* the tithe came the question of free-will offerings. The fact which the rich man must meet is, whether Christianity is a higher or lower form of religion than Judaism. If a lower, then he can give less ; but if a higher form of religion—and if not a higher form it is nothing—then the rich man must give *more* than the Jew, or rob God and His Church. But to give as much or more than the tenth of one's income *as a debt*, and after that to make peace-offerings and thank-offerings, is too high and too severe a standard for the ordinary rich man. He will spend thousands for pleasure, for travel, for ornaments, but very seldom will he give the Church of God thousands. Even when he decides by will what is to be done with his wealth when dead and gone, how often does he pass by in neglect the Sacred Body of Jesus Christ our Lord. The requirements of New Testament morality are indeed unparalleled in their demands. The giving of one-half is commended by our Lord, and the giving which is immortalized is of that one "who, out of her penury, gave *all* that she had." Those who gave "out of

their abundance " so little that it cost them no pain nor denial are merely mentioned in an unfavorable comparison.

That the New Testament asks each man to bear a cross and follow Christ, must be admitted ; and that that cross is no jewelled ornament nor gilded embellishment to churchly architecture, cannot be denied.

The cross of the New Testament, for rich or poor, is so large and so heavy, that the man who bears it is humbly and reverently grateful when the fight is fought, and the course is finished, and he is allowed to lay his body down at the foot of that cross whose arms stretch through time into God's eternity. From such a cross the man who was very rich turned away very sorrowful, and caused our Lord to speak the words with which this sermon opened. The man did exactly what the ordinary rich man reënacts when the Church, which is the continued Life of Christ, calls upon him to take up his cross. The ordinary rich man will give neither the tenth of his time or his influence or his money to the cause of the Church. He seldom, if ever, comes to an early service or to a week-

day service : he leaves that to the poor and to the women and the children. Out of his abundance he will give to the wretched and the outcast, but he will not spend one day in a month standing in their own miserable and pitiable homes, studying with his own eyes how to ameliorate their unhappy condition. With the ordinary rich man, profit, pleasure, or personal comfort is first, religion is second. But God has never accepted an offering so torn and lame and second-rate, and we have no proof that God ever will. God must be first or He will be nothing.

With the young ruler the possession and accumulation of great riches was the idol of his heart. Therefore our Lord, knowing his heart as He knows all hearts, said : "Sell that thou hast, and come and follow me ;" and the young man went away very sorrowful, for he was very rich. The price was too dear, the standard was too high, the cross was too heavy. The man made his choice and practically rejected Christianity. But any one of simplest mind can see why our Lord asked of the man such a requirement. God did not need his money : it was to prove to

him and to all men after him that the mere moral life, the life which kept the letter of the Commandments, might be, and was, entirely unwilling to obey and love God in the full, fair sense of the words. It was not riches nor great possessions which were wrong, but the inordinate *love* of money arising above the love of God itself, which was the evil piercing through with many sorrows and closing the grandest of possibilities in darkness and death.

It is to save us from such dangers that the Church speaks so solemnly in her gospel to-day, to save us from the greatest of all dangers, the danger of selfishness and the danger of delay. First, the death of selfish contentment, the feeling that as long as there is plenty of money at hand, all is well, all will triumph. Such a disposition and state of mind is disastrous to man or Church. To such a Church, and the words apply to every individual soul, God said from His throne above on high: "Because thou art lukewarm, and neither hot nor cold, I will cast thee out of my mouth. Because thou sayest, I am rich and increased with goods, and have need of

nothing, and knowest not that thou art wretched and miserable and poor and blind and naked." So indeed forever is he that layeth up treasure for himself, but is not rich toward God.

How sharp are the lines in that dramatic picture, the man saying to his soul : "Soul, thou hast much goods laid up for many years : take thine ease, eat, drink, and be merry." And God saying : "Thou fool, to depend upon what this world has, for to-night thy soul shall be required of thee," and then shall be revealed the hidden things of darkness. Such a tragic scene leads us to the last great danger of the rich man, the danger of delay.

Few have been the rich men but who have purposed that in due time they would be better, more generous, more noble, more devoutly religious. But with so many the time never came, because death came first.

You can well imagine the surprise and shock of such a coming. The man was in his private office, examining and signing papers of immense value and importance. Strict orders had been given not to admit any one,

under any circumstances, when, lifting his eyes, the rich man was startled to behold by his side a presence he had already felt.

“How came you here without announcement?”

“My coming has been long announced, and this meeting is by appointment.”

“Do you come as friend or as foe?”

“I am come merely as a servant, to say your presence is required by your Master.”

“I have no master,” says the rich man, “nor do I ever intend to have or obey such a person.”

The stranger, though a servant, smiled and laid his hand on the paper the rich man had been about to sign, and to human eyes the white seemed to grow black.

“Oh, my God!” said the rich man, “I understand now—you are Death. Death, I pray you give me a little time to settle my affairs.”

“Time is not mine to give,” said Death. “It belongs, as all else, to my King.” And to the rich man the room, like the white paper, seemed to darken.

“Grant me a few days to distribute my

wealth, O Death. I will give it away, every dollar, wherever the Church of God says I must give it. Grant me but a day."

"It is not mine to grant, even a day."

"Give me but an hour, then, to pray and repent."

"In such an hour," said Death, "prayer would be fear, and repentance but remorse." And to the rich man the room grew black as night, and in the one last moment on earth he thought of the man he had wronged, the children he loved, the dog he had kicked, the grave of the mother who had taught him to pray, and then, alone and poor, he went from his office, never to return again.

"We brought nothing into this world, and it is certain we can carry nothing out. In the midst of life we are in death ; of whom may we seek for succor but of Thee, O Lord, who for our sins art justly displeased."

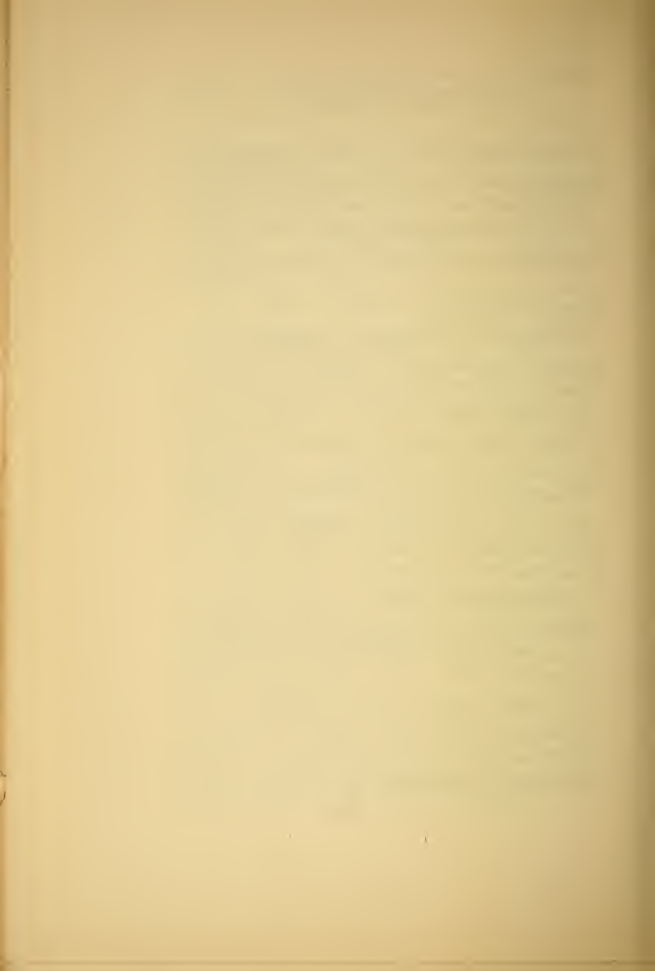
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"His disciples said, Who then can be saved? But Jesus answered and said unto them, With God all things are possible."

The unparalleled riches and prosperity of Joseph never harmed him ; rather did he so wisely distribute what God had given him, so upright and magnificent of character does he stand in the gray dawn of history, that he must forever remain the perfect type of our Lord and Saviour.

Through the gorgeous grandeur of a heathen palace passed safely one who, undaunted, met the mouths of lions. Of the young ruler whose decision caused our Lord to utter such fearful words—of him it is written that “ Jesus loved him.” And he of Arimathea, who begged of Pilate the Sacred Body, who so tenderly wrapped It in fair linen and laid It in the new-made tomb, was it written, “ A rich man.”

Recalling such names of old, such heroic examples for encouragement and emulation, let us hear to-day the message of the Church to men of wealth, and go forth, God helping us, to walk henceforth more willingly in the footsteps of Him, who, though He was rich, yet for our sakes became poor, that we, through His poverty, might be rich.



Music and Worship.

*The day of praise is done,
The evening shadows fall ;
Yet pass not from us with the sun,
True Light that lightenest all.
Around Thy throne on high,
Where night can never be,
The white-robed harpers of the sky
Bring ceaseless songs to Thee.*

*For faint our anthems here :
Too soon of praise we tire.
But oh ! the strains, how full and clear,
Of that eternal choir.
Yet, Lord, to Thy dear will,
If Thou attune the heart,
We in Thine angels' music still
May bear our lower part.*


*'Tis Thine each soul to calm,
Each wayward thought reclaim,
And make our daily life a psalm
Of glory to Thy Name.
Shine Thou within us, then,
A day that knows no end ;
Till songs of angels and of men
In perfect praise shall blend.—Amen.*

—ELLERTON.

*TWENTIETH SUNDAY AFTER
TRINITY.*

Music and Worship.

Speaking to yourselves in psalms and hymns and spiritual songs, singing and making melody in your heart to the Lord.—EPHES. v. 19.

ND when they had sung a hymn, they went out unto the Mount of Olives! In all history I know of few sentences which convey more than this. It is the adoption and indorsement by the Christian Church of psalmody, and through it of ecclesiastical music. Doubtless that hymn was sung by all the Christian Church, and it is not improbable that that very melody still lingers in the form of some old Gregorian chant, its identity forever buried and lost. What would the Church not give to sing the, at once, communion and crucifixion hymn its Master and Founder Himself sung? Sing it now, Apostles, as you sit about the Master, with the blood of the grape upon your lips.

But the day will come, when, amid the flames of martyrdom, or the agonies of crucifixion, that hymn will rise, consecrated by a deeper meaning, and a memory which can never perish. . . . And now the hymn has paused, but when it comes again upon your lips the night will have passed away and you will sing it in the blazing glory of the noon-day sun."

So wrote the author of "Studies in Musical History." His eloquent words lead to the expression of some thoughts upon the relation of music to worship.

Music is the one gratification of the senses a man may indulge in to his heart's desire without injury to his moral or religious nature.

No one can express in logical words its effect on those who love it. It inspired Milton, drove the hell life out of Saul, and brought Heaven's high words to Elisha. The influence of music is never for aught but good. "A kind of inarticulate, unfathomable speech," says Carlyle, "which leads us to the edge of the infinite, and for a moment lets us gaze into it."

It is the universal language the destruc-

tion of Babel did not destroy; for "heart can speak to heart by music, even in a foreign land."

God's nature is very full of music—the surge of the sea, the sough of the pines, the plaintive winds of Autumn rising into the storm of winter, sinking at last into the cadence of the Spring song.

God's people are very fond of music. The fisherman at Naples has his boat song to which his boat beats time in the beautiful sea. In Sicily, you hear always with the dying day the evening song of the grape gatherers. "The muleteer of Spain," says Dr. Cumming, "cares little who is on the throne, or who is behind it, if he has his morning carol. The Scotch Highlander echoes the rocks and gray moors with his bonny airs. The English plough-boy gets better work done, straighter furrows and more of them, for the songs he sings to his horses; and far away on the water streets of Venice the gondolier rocks and sings at midnight its serenade. Even rushing America whistles itself into more constant activity. The wide world, indeed, lightens its labor

with music. Blessed is the man who sings at his work, said England's great son, and blessed is the man whose day of toil is rested by its restfulness."

God's nature and God's world are not only full of music, but so also is God's Word. From Genesis to Revelation you hear singing—not only singing, but every kind of instrument playing. The oratorio of Creation has hardly ceased before we are told of Jubal, the father of all such as handle the harp and the organ, a solemn protest of Almighty God, as it were, against the view of some people who object to instrumental church music. Laban rebuked Jacob for stealing away, and not allowing him to cheer his departure with songs, with tabret, and with harp. On the banks of the Red Sea sang Moses and the children of Israel their triumphal song of deliverance. Sweet Miriam celebrated the same event, only singing alternately; for it is written, she answered them, they chanting back, "Sing ye to Jehovah, for He hath triumphed gloriously."

The songs of Deborah and Barak, Jephthah's daughter and her girl friends, were

accompanied by music. David and Solomon and even stern old Saul gathered every kind of sweet sound about them. They celebrated their victories by minstrelsy and songs, and the poets marked the sadness of captivity by the fact that their harps were silent.

And what shall be said concerning the temple music and worship? Remember the temple was God's Church on earth. There His people came to worship Him as you come here. But have you ever heard how this worship was conducted? The choir had in it four thousand singing men and singing women. These were divided into twenty-four divisions. They entered the temple in white-robed procession, the priests having cymbals, psalteries, and harps. From one division went up the chant, "Praise ye the Lord," and from afar came the answer always, "For He is good, for His mercy endureth forever." They did praise God in those days with sound of trumpet, with psalteries and harp, with timbrels and pipe, with stringed instruments and organs, with loud cymbals and high-sounding cymbals—everything that had breath praised the Lord.

Now, into this Temple went in after years, to worship, that stern old logician called Saul of Tarsus—nay, there went the Son of God and kneeled on His knees, worshipped in spirit and in truth; and when that Temple had not left one stone upon another, that man of Patmos heard from the Temple not made with hands, music such as no mortal ever heard or the heart of man conceived. It was like the voice of many waters, like the voice of the great thunder, the voice of harpers harping with their harps; and they sang, as it were, a new song before the throne. Yes, every book in God's Heaven-sent revelation is a marvellous musical memoir. The Pentateuch recitative is a creation of which Haydn but faintly imagined. The martial music of Joshua is more stirring than the *Wacht am Rhein* of the Fatherland, or the *Marseillaise* of *la belle France*. Through the pastoral of Ruth runs one of life's sweetest love-songs. From Kings comes the national air "God save the King," and over the royal death list they laughed then as now. *Le roi est mort! Vive le roi.*

The man of Uz, wrapped in his sackcloth

and ashes, chanting the world's great Miserere, stopped to tell his fellow-sufferers of when the morning stars sang together, and all the sons of God shouted for joy. David and Solomon praised God with every instrument and song their unlimited wealth could secure. Isaiah wrote of a Messiah of which the great German never dreamed. Ezekiel in his night visions conceived nocturnes that even Chopin's insanity could not. Certainly there are no better carols than those of the Evangelists ; and though the Apostle of the Gentiles condemned trumpets of uncertain sound, his own has a very ringing clearness which no man could mistake except a Scotch Presbyterian. St. Peter, being a good Churchman, of course believed in the Temple worship. St. John wrote the Requiem of earth in which is heard the Gloria of heaven, " Holy, holy, holy, Lord God Almighty, which was, and is, and is to come."

Last of all, how complete and magnificent is the music of the Christian year. The processional of Advent and the carols of Christmas are followed by the versicles and antiphones of Saints' Days and the Nunc

Dimittis of the Circumcision. The arias of the Epiphany time are followed by the Magnificat of the Virgin Mary. The lament of Ash Wednesday preludes the Miserere of Lent. The De Profundis of Good Friday is overwhelmed by the triumph song of Easter. The Hallel of Ascension softens to the largo of Expectation Sunday, and prepares the soul for the grand harmonies of the mighty Æolian harp of Whitsunday, and in the finale, the roll and crash of the Glorias of Trinity echo through the choral of All Saints, "and go on forever and ever."

From these thoughts let us learn, first, God's recognition of the law of contrasts. It is a law that if a man work all day he must sleep at night. Though it be made of gold and filled with nectar, if two women are carrying a weight, they must change hands if they are going far. Though the Word of God be inspired, yet it changes its style to meet the wants of sinners. The Church year itself changes the style and character of its services to meet the needs of the human heart. Though music be very good, it must change in its rendering or lose in its

power. The men who formed the great Temple service knew this law and did not fly in its face. God was praised with many voices or by a single voice. The delicate solo was lost in the massive chorus, or in the hush following the glorias of thousands came the still small voice of man or woman in song of praise or prayer. And the true church choir will have in it the elements capable of producing every kind of musical effect that is good—the solo, the duet, the quartette, the quintette, the octette, the chorus and double chorus led by orchestra, by organ, by harp and every musical auxiliary that is right and helpful.

Let us also learn that God's worship should have in it any variation that makes it beautiful. It does not matter whether people call it "High Church" or "Low Church" or "like the Roman Catholics;" it does not matter whether it is new or old; it does not matter whether it differs in every respect from the customs of our fathers: if it is in harmony with God's Word, with the customs of His Church, with the laws of the human heart unprejudiced, then let us have it if it is

right. For one hundred years the services of the American Church have been as an organist playing with three stops—the Morning Prayer, the Litany, and the Ante-Communion service. The time has come when every stop should be brought into play, and by a magnificent variety of services we be allowed to hear the grandeur of the full organ.

Let us to-day also learn that the musical part of worship is one of the most essential parts. Men say—often very honestly—that they come to Church to hear the sermon; but, if a man come for that purpose only, he makes a great mistake. The Church on earth is where God has promised to meet His people. It is important that he come, not simply to hear His Word, but to praise Him for His goodness, and to ask Him for more strength to fight the battle of the coming days. Six days there are when most men must move side by side with selfishness and hollowness, cheek by jowl with the world, the flesh, and the Devil. God pity the man, then, who does not stop one day in seven to worship some other god than the mere money of this world and the mere fame of the passing day.

The radical weakness of parts of the Church and of all Protestantism is its wants of worship. It is kind and encouraging for a man to say he likes to hear the sermon ; but the sermon is a very small part of the service, and it is not half so important that that should be good as that the praises to God should be true and beautiful.

Let it, too, be remembered that in Paradise and in Heaven there will be no sermons, only worship. Might it not be well while on earth to learn how to take part in and enjoy worship ? If the worship is a poor sort of thing, suppose we all try by our influence and our means to make it better, more profitable, and more beautiful.

And, as the evening shadows fall, let us remember that there is no music so sweet, so sad, so grand, as may be these human lives of ours ; no music so varied as the heart's experience. It passes from the allegro of joy to the adagio of sorrow. Life, indeed, may be an extravaganza played *vivicissimo*, or a symphony played *con gravita*. Life may be a sinful discord or a heavenly harmony. Whatever it is, let us remember the finale.

After Schubert's Hobby Horse comes his Earl King. After the processional comes the recessional, after the cradle lullaby and the warrior's triumph song comes the funeral march ; but only those who know the meaning of the Cross can sing a hymn and pass calmly up to Calvary and the Mount of God's Ascension.

All Saints' Day.

*A noble army, men and boys,
The matron and the maid,
Around the Saviour's throne rejoice,
In robes of light arrayed.
They climbed the steep ascent of heaven
Through peril, toil, and pain :
O God, to us may grace be given
To follow in their train !*

—BISHOP HEBER.

*For all the saints, who from their labors rest,
Who Thee by faith before the world confess'd,
Thy name, O Jesu, be forever blessed. Alleluia.*

—BISHOP HOW.

All Saints' Day.

A great multitude which no man could number.

—REV. vii. 9.

THE festival of Easter, in the year of our Lord 1886, will fall upon the twenty-fifth day of April. Such an event has not happened within the present century, nor will it again come to pass until the year of our Lord 1943. The earliest day upon which Easter can fall (March 22) will not occur, in fact, until the year A.D. 2000. Not as remarkable as either of these coming occurrences, yet one worthy of special mention, is the coincidence, that in this year the beautiful festival of All Saints falls upon and coincides with that day of the week which commemorates the Resurrection. By force of circumstances, therefore, we celebrate All Saints' with a congregation of respectable size. Had this most beautiful festival fallen, as so often, upon a

week day, more than three-quarters of this present congregation would have been absent, for to worship God on Sunday, and not on a week day, has become a fashionable custom now ; and to observe and carefully follow the fashion of the times is a usage few ignore, whether they dress in homespun or in broad-cloth, whether their gown is made of cotton or of satin, and the fashion of the present time, let it be repeated, is to worship God on Sunday, and to neglect and ignore His worship on all other days, be they saints' days or week days. Once the Church had many festivals, but the world complained it had not time enough to buy and to sell, to bargain and to grind ; therefore the Church (that the world might have no excuse) combined many days in one and called it All Saints'.

Once the doors of the Church were ever open, protected from desecration by the mighty power of public opinion. Now, unless some one watches by day and night, it cannot be, for the world stands ready to rob God's temple and to profane His sanctuary. All this because there exists no public opinion to

drown the Church thief in the nearest water, as the people did of old.

Once the Church thought not merely of the selfish living, but in her marvellous prayers spoke ever of the sacred dead. The liturgies of St. James, St. Mark, St. Peter, St. John, and all other primitive liturgies, have, in each and all, prayers for the rest and peace of the departed. To omit such prayers was never thought of till the mutilated Prayer Book of 1552. Calvinism was responsible for that change, as it still is for much of the world's sorrow and unbelief. The Prayer Book of 1662 restored the ancient custom, and like our own Prayer Book keeps in the Church's thought the memory of the holy dead ; but neither Burial nor Communion Office has been able to give back the lost faith of bygone ages. Bitter and great, therefore, has been the punishment. First the Church has lost in worldly power, success, and affluence. No society of any kind can thrive without congregated meetings from time to time, meetings well attended by its members, and warmed by the enthusiasm of earnestness. But the world says it is too busy to leave the

temporal and meditate even for a few moments upon the eternal ; “neither the beggar in the morning nor the prince at evening kneels any longer in the quiet church and prays for her peace and prosperity.” It is not the fashion now, and tramp and king are alike still careful upon some points of etiquette. Human orders and the most degraded of politics can master processions of believers and followers unto the thousands, but the Church could not, upon the call of her clergy, master her tens to march beneath the Cross and respect the new-made dead. We would be too busy and engrossed, and would answer, “I pray thee have me excused.” Besides, nine men out of ten would add, it is not the custom now, and therefore it might be highly inexpedient. But mark it, the Church which visited the sick, fed the hungry, clothed the naked ; the Church which builded till its architecture settled into frozen and imperishable music ; the Church which rose in her Divine might and conquered the world,—was a Church true on the week day to her Leader, and not ashamed on the saint day of her colors.

In one other, even in a more awful way, has the selfishness and cupidity of the world closed the doors of the Church. Selfishness has struck from the children of men most of their faith in the unseen. Christmas and Easter are to some extent matters of history, but All Saints' is the annunciation of the invisible, yet of the most real, if any comparison be allowed. The consciousness of our existence, for instance, is a matter of intuition; it is something unseen and beyond proof, yet one of the most certain realities of life. That within us which makes us fear to murder, and which delights in the generous and noble action; that spiritual existence which exists, asleep or awake, which is not weakened by physical sickness, and which is not stilled by coming death,—how much more real is that existence than all else seen! Selfishness and unbelief have come to doubt the very existence of that spirit and its Divine thought, and bitter and great has been the penalty. The departed are no longer thought of as at rest and peace in the bosom of Eternal Love. Rather they call the departed the dead, and make them ghosts to scare some sad-faced

child. Communion with them is at an end ; the hand of Fate has laid fingers on eyes and ears and mouth, saying in the dark silence, " Life is ended and Love is lost in irrevocable death."

But the truths of Scripture and history are facts, whether or not men believe them. The Divinity of Christ and the Resurrection of the Body are not dreams, and the Communion of Saints and the Immortality of the Soul are verities sweeping through the blue of heaven by the shining stars up to the white throne of God. Our eyes may be too blurred with earthiness to behold the sight, but in the solemn service which is to follow there by the side of the living will be the sacred dead, the holy angels, and the Eternal God.

We live and act often as if the Church of God was that weak and faltering band of men the eye of flesh can see, that and that alone. But when we pray for the " whole Church " it is not for the few and the weary of these times, but for that great multitude of all nations, and kindreds, and people, and tongues, so vast even in St. John's time that

no man could number them. It is to this unnumbered host that the Church of Christ brings us on All Saints', not simply to those living friends and acquaintances who, like ourselves, are very unsaint-like. And this suggests the question, Who and what were the saints?

There is an idea, for instance, that a saint is necessarily one who lives in a monastery isolated from the world, who feeds his soul by starving and pinching his body. There may have been such saints—history shows that behind the bars of the cloister God has seen such ; but such saints are not the kind the world most needs to-day. We need saints who will lighten the gloom of the sick-room, who will walk our streets and show the sneering crowds that there are larger things than laughter and the crackling of sticks under the pot of belittling ribaldry. The saint who will most hasten God's cause will not, in this day, be found lying on a stone floor, nor praying in a mouldering cell, but in the home where the woman bears in patience sickness, trial, and sorrow, and in the public hall, on the open street, and in the

peopled city where the man bears witness by word and life that he is striving to be true to himself and the Forever of God whence he is hurrying. In Jewish times they stoned such men ; in old English times they burned them ; in these times they may use different methods, but accomplish the same result. The mob which stoned, and the mob which burned, and the mob which tells us to-day it is weak and effeminate to be earnestly religious, have in them the same elements ; they are made up of ignorance and conceit, mental weakness and moral depravity.

The saint, too, is, and has always been, a soul made up of elements which never change, —a strong great man or woman facing with calm and steady nerve, with uplifted eye, with iron will, with unbreakable purpose, the fierce conflict ever existing between right and wrong, between the world and Almighty God.

It is a fact ever to instruct and encourage, that the saints were not men of perfect character. A man's character is something helpful in the way of emulation, if it is not too high, too far beyond the possibility of attain-

ment, if it seems natural and not supernatural. The saints of whom we know anything seem to have been burdened with a very good share of human weakness, and to have felt the burden of the same deeply. St. Paul is generally ranked among the greatest and strongest of the apostolic college, but according to his own testimony he was the least of the apostles, and the chief of sinners, and we cannot afford to question the sincerity or truthfulness of his statement. The apostle upon whom a vast part of the Universal Church rests as upon a "rock" was a man who denied his Lord, and who, even after his repentance, was rebuked for doctrinal error. These apostolic weaknesses were not confined to men of that early day, they show themselves in men of every age. St. Augustine in his efforts to combat error became the father of Calvinism, and St. Francis of Assisi had a violent, uncontrolled temper, and wilfully encouraged ignorance. You may search long and carefully the roll of honor in the eleventh chapter of Hebrews, or in the calendar of the Church, but you will search in vain in all these records for a perfect man.

There was but one perfect Life, and that was Divine as well as human. If, therefore, the saint was not a perfect man, what was he?

To begin with, he was a man upon whom the Church could rely for support, support of all kinds, physical, temporal, and spiritual. When he said he renounced the devil and all his works, he meant exactly what he said. In the years after his baptism the devil and his angels sometimes beat him, bruised his body, and left a dark shadow on his heart, but none the less did the man renounce and hate the devil and all evil. The saint was a man who gave for the Church anything he had to give if the Church needed it,—time, money, or life itself. In other words, with the saint the Church was first and the world second. Whether the clouds were dark or bright, whether religion was popular or disgraceful, whether the times were hard or easy, the saint made God and His religion the first thought of his heart; the world and all that relates to it he made his second thought.

To end with, the saint was a man who had made up his mind, God helping him, to

do right at any cost. Often he failed, as day by day passed, to keep his resolve ; but that was the resolve with which he began and ended each day, to be true even at the price of life.

That is the struggle of life for each one,—to fairly, honestly, and entirely, not with men nor with angels and archangels, but with ourselves to fairly, honestly, and entirely resolve each day to choose the right at any cost. The crisis is not when the pleasures of existence kiss the cheek, and the passions of life hasten the heart-beats, but rather is the battle decided in the still, quiet moments before spirit and body have grappled in the struggle which ends in life or death. Ask any soldier who has nobly fought, and he will tell you that the awful moment is not when the smoke of battle is lighted by the blood of human arteries, and chain-shot cut swathes through human flesh : rather in that moment when the battle has become hand to hand, sword to sword, in that moment when locked in each other's arms the struggle is settled knife to knife, in that moment men have been known to laugh. The struggle is not when blood

and carnage encardine the green earth and the white-faced body ; but in that moment or in that hour which precedes the battle, then is the awful fear and the deciding conflict. In that hour when the man thinks of wife and little one so far away, of home and love, maybe no more for him on earth, of fame and ambition, never maybe now to be attained, of the vast forever and its unlimitable way,—that is the moment which pales the face and makes sick the heart of the bravest.

And that is the moment now upon us, day by day upon us till life be done, and the voice from out the ages is : “ If thy hand offend thee, cut it off ; if thy eye offend thee, pluck it out.” Sweetly call the pleasures of life, siren-like the passions of life, madly the ambition of life, desperately and incessantly the love of life, be it what it will.

They call us, and so often, from the narrow way which leadeth up to God into the broad and beaten way which leadeth to destruction. If it is not in your heart and mine to-day to leave the evil and choose the good, then God have mercy upon us, for no other can have mercy. But if the love of Christ and His

Body the Church be more than pleasure, more than passion, and even more than love itself, then in the Sacred Feast to which all may come that wish, we shall kneel to-day not alone with the living, but with the Sacred Dead, with the glorious company of the apostles, with the goodly fellowship of the prophets, with the white-robed army of martyrs, with every noble soul of every age, with every faithful life which has been faithful unto death.

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